

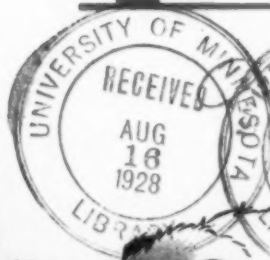
Amusement  
News

# LIFE

Personalities  
Sport

15 Cents

194



August 16 1928



The Champion



Identify the Lifetime  
pen by this  
white dot.

## Have you experienced the "feel" of this desk fountain-pen?

A pocket fountain-pen is a convenience. But this desk fountain-pen is ever a source of downright joy. It is built as a pen should be—shapely, balanced, elegant. Desk fountain-pens were originated by Sheaffer—and the Sheaffer pen leadership is today one of the most outstanding of American successes. **LIGHTEST** to the touch is this time-saving and dependable instrument. It almost furnishes a new form of sport for those who write. Speedy writing—without halts! And the ratchet-lock receiver is always at the handiest angle. It is the most luxurious pen equipment in the world. Get the "feel" of this desk fountain-pen.

Jet Glass  
Lifetime Desk  
Fountain-pen  
Set, \$10

Special Lifetime® Desk Fountain-pen Set, illustrated above, \$75. Regular Lifetime pen, \$3.75

Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Sets, \$10 up. Others as low as \$5

At better stores everywhere

# SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.  
New York • Chicago • San Francisco  
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. • Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.  
Wellington, N. Z. • Sydney, Australia • London—199 Regent St.

© Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Cap  
Leads  
15 cents

LSB



To buy "Timken-equipped" is one way to be sure of the extreme wear-resistance, the friction-elimination, and the full protection against side-thrust, made possible only by Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken electric steel. ¶ The short of it is (for salesroom reference): "Has this car Timken Bearings?"

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

# TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 92, No. 2389, Aug. 16, 1928. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1928, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British



## Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



The secret  
Of a smooth shave  
Is a soft beard.  
But who will take  
Three minutes  
To rub in lather?  
Men *don't*.  
They just rub  
Hinds Cream  
On their faces  
*Before* lathering up.  
And cut their  
Shaving time  
In half.  
Try it.  
Here's the way:—



Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!



After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

## After Shaving HINDS CREAM



© L. & F. INC., 1929

LEHN & FINK, INC.  
Sole Distributors

Dept. 1448  
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after August, 1929)

**Shave your face but save your skin**

## Ballade of an Alarming Epidemic

Now every one with idle cash  
In these so-called United States  
Is busily collecting trash  
From earlier—though doubtful—dates;  
Now luster bowls and pewter plates  
Entice the proletarian—  
And I have added to my hates  
The nouveau-antiquarian.

Now Smith and Smithers boldly crash  
The arty connoisseur debates,  
And Burks and Berkowitzes clash  
On Stiegel's esoteric traits.  
Antique collecting animates  
Both aesthete and vulgarian,  
While on my nervous system grates  
The nouveau-antiquarian.

Then devil take the bits of sash  
Once worn by Washington at fêtes!  
And cursed be the calabash  
Once smoked by Bet-a-Million Gates!  
Were I the pow'r that legislates  
I'd issue rights riparian  
To drown these pests (in leaden  
crates):  
The nouveau-antiquarian.

L'Envoi

Prince, though of ancient junk orates  
Each hopeful millenarian,  
He knows oblivion awaits  
The nouveau-antiquarian.

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"She's afraid she may have to lose a limb."

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"He told me he'd never seen a tree with such a high sap pressure as I—oh, there's Miss Beech. How does she keep her bark so smooth? Mine peels dreadfully in this hot weather."

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The chances are Rickard would want his money in advance, now that his fight has flopped on him, but all we do is sell tickets, and let the money go to poor Democratic widows who have given their husbands' lives to trying to get elected to some office in the Democratic party. Those

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I think you and I can do a Dempsey, and get in some real jack for those poor old souls.

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You and I can pack 'em in—even in Tom Heflin's neighborhood.

So long Al, and good luck to you till we meet in debate.

Yours,  
WILL.

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*(After the ride)*

"I can't find our evening paper anywhere. I'll bet some mean thief stole it right off our own doorstep. John, report it to the police immediately."

*Bill Sykes.*

### THE DAREDEVIL

"Good morning, Mr. Mussolini. Now I have a plan to get some great publicity for your country by a balloon trip to the North Pole...."

THE USED car is not what it's jacked up to be.



MAKING THE FIRST PAGE

## FREE-AIR CASTLE

"So the Smiths are building a new house. What style is it to be, Spanish?"  
 "No, Socony."

NOVICE (*taking up golf*): Is that all I have to do? Just hit that little ball?



## SCOTCH JOKE

"I was out with a Scotch girl last night and she never stopped blushing—"  
 "Why, what were you saying to her?"  
 "Nothing. She'd worked up the blush to save rouge bills."

## Jennifer Minns

OH, hark to the story of Jennifer Minns Who went to the store for a paper of pins, The gilded emporium large and ornate Conducted by Parkinson, Jones & McCrate.

Miss Jennifer paused as she entered the door

At the hosiery counter upon the first floor, And there she remarked as she powdered her nose,

"I think that I'll look at a pair of silk hose."

The saleslady took down some hose from the shelf

And observed, "That's the kind that I'm wearing myself.

We have Mocha and Coffee and Beige, Tan and Brown;

You can wear them with 'most any kind of a gown."

There were stockings in parcels and stockings in boxes;

There were stockings with clockings and stockings with clockses,

Till the counter with stockings was nigh overflowing,

And Jennifer said, "Well, I have to be going."

Then she next stopped to look at some kitchen utensils.

She paused for a while at the paper and pencils.

And she stopped at a counter she happened to pass where

A sale was in progress of china and glass-ware.

She stayed for two hours

To look at some flowers.

She paused at the places

Where silks were and laces.

She tried on some sables,

And looked at some tables,

And read through three chapters

Of La Fontaine's fables.

She kept three girls busy,

The floorwalker dizzy,

While she looked at some tools

For her brand-new Tin Lizzie.

Then she walked to the door and she gaily departed

With just as much money as when she had started.

But on her way homeward Miss Jennifer Minns

Remembered she'd gone for a paper of pins.

Newman Levy.

## TERRIBLY!

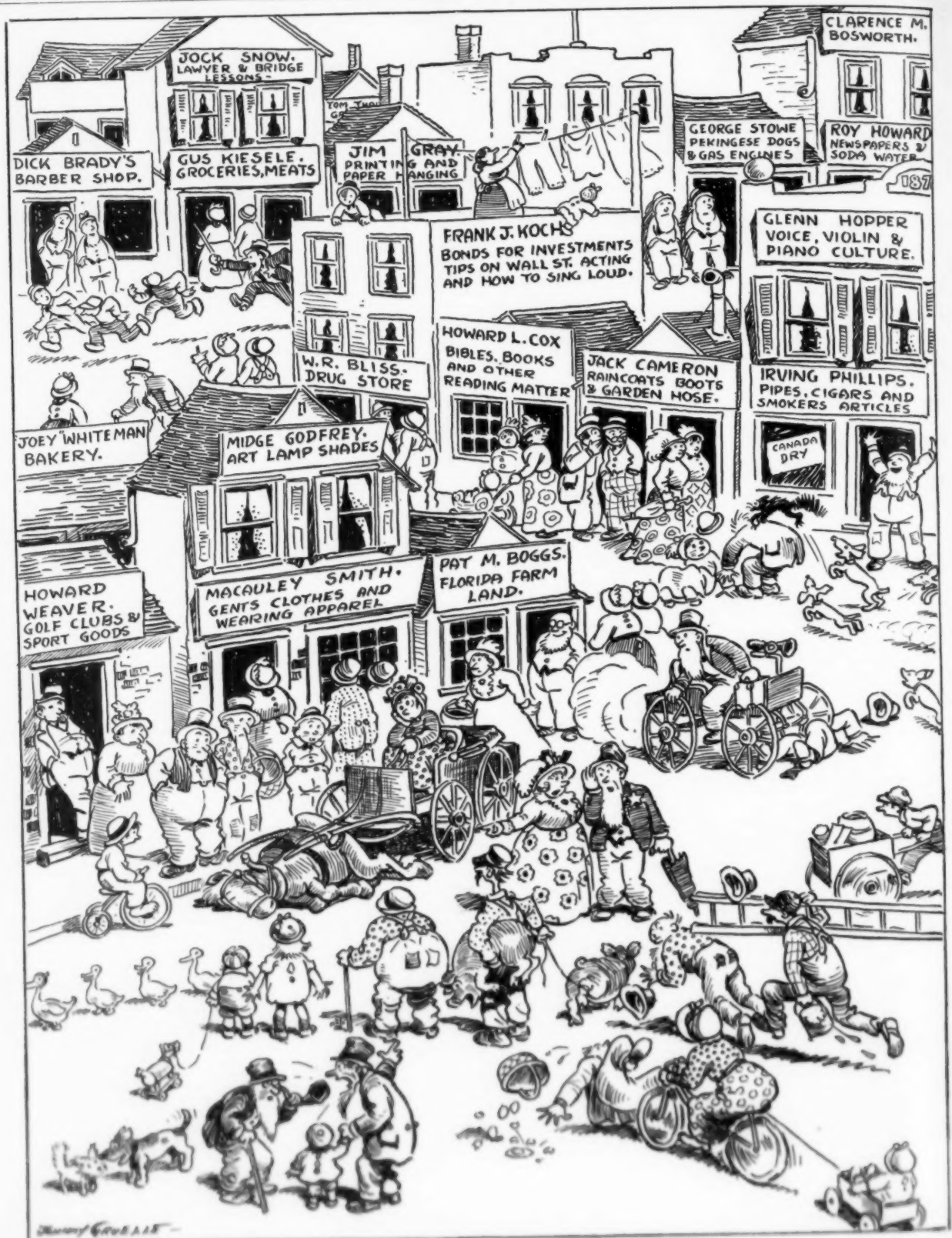
MARIE: Rose had a man arrested for annoying her on the street last night.

MADGE: My! I'll bet he was ugly!



POLITE FIREMAN: Good evening, madam, so sorry to disturb you—and would you mind leaving the water running in the tub?





### Yahoo Center

The Thirty-Nine-Year-Old Mare That Newt England Recently Sold His Mother  
for \$250 Drops Dead on Main Street.



## MRS. PEP'S DIARY

July  
23 AWAKE betimes, reading in the publick prints, and marveling how people reputed to have lost all their money nevertheless seem to be able to manage passage on the high seas. Lord! I would I were not so bourgeois about my financial obligations and were able to owe money in ease and comfort, letting my creditors do whatever worrying should be done, but if my department store bills do go the slightest bit overtime, I do fancy the Messrs. Bloomingdale and Stern tossing on their cots at night wondering why I have not come through with the payments for beige lace and flowered chintz, and when I walk through the shops, it seems as if all the salespeople were regarding me with suspicion, nor

should I be surprised should an aisle man stop me and remand me to a station house. To luncheon with Meg Andrews, who told me how she had called up one of our leading bridge experts to settle a doubtful point at contract and had later received a bill from him for twenty-five dollars, and how a lawyer acquaintance, with whom she had informally discussed the matter, had subsequently billed her for the same amount, so the game did prove quite costly, inasmuch as she had won only fourteen dollars. M. did also tell me of an affected friend who had been to a performance of "Loff, Clown, Loff," which did remind me of the woman who spoke of her husband as "Fronk."

July  
24 A GREAT agony in my toe this morning, so down to Dr. Schwartz, and albeit what he removed from my nail was so infinitesimal as to be disregarded, it did feel, whilst imbedded, like the balustrade of the new Louvain library, and I was at some pains to credit that he could charge me but



"Come on, Show Boat! Get the hell down the river!"

three dollars for working me so much relief. Then to have my face massaged, and I did draw the proprietress herself, who told me that she was to be paid twenty thousand dollars simply for moving out of the quarters which she now occupies, and it was too much for me, in view of the humidity and one thing and another, so I did bid her cease her recital, and with a rudeness which I am unaccustomed to employ. For when I think what a job it is for me to get down our curtains and send the rugs to the cleaner, with no recompense soever! Sam home betimes, with news that the clams at Sheepshead Bay have been condemned, thereby putting me in the class with the poet who never loved a dear gazelle, etc., albeit I would not credit him until he had shown me the newspaper clipping. Much talk of this and that, Sam saying that he would never credit me with approaching senility until I ceased wishing to attend every distant wedding for which we received an invitation, but I do still hold that the best criterion for the arrival of the lengthening shadows is letting a bridge player look at the last turned trick without protest. Dinner at home of rack of lamb and broccoli, very fine, and reading afterwards in my volumes of Thomas Hardy, lately come from Terence Holliday, I was struck by the fact that Hardy is the only writer who does not annoy me with his characters' dialect.

Baird Leonard.

## A REAL CHAMPION

"Is he a good salesman?"

"I'll say he is. He just sold Tex Rickard a radio set."



"Now, in our next ad we want to use a beautiful girl—something that'll jump right out and sock 'em in the eye."

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Of a smooth shave  
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But who will take  
Three minutes  
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Men *don't*.  
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# LIFE



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*(During the ride)*

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"So the Smiths are building a new house. What style is it to be, Spanish?"  
 "No, Socony."

NOVICE (*taking up golf*): Is that all I have to do? Just hit that little ball?



## SCOTCH JOKE

"I was out with a Scotch girl last night and she never stopped blushing—"

"Why, what were you saying to her?"

"Nothing. She'd worked up the blush to save rouge bills."

## Jennifer Minns

OH, hark to the story of Jennifer Minns  
 Who went to the store for a paper of pins,  
 The gilded emporium large and ornate  
 Conducted by Parkinson, Jones & McCrate.

Miss Jennifer paused as she entered the door

At the hosiery counter upon the first floor,  
 And there she remarked as she powdered her nose,

"I think that I'll look at a pair of silk hose."

The saleslady took down some hose from the shelf

And observed, "That's the kind that I'm wearing myself.

We have Mocha and Coffee and Beige,  
 Tan and Brown;

You can wear them with 'most any kind of a gown."

There were stockings in parcels and stockings in boxes;

There were stockings with clockings and stockings with clockses,

Till the counter with stockings was nigh overflowing,

And Jennifer said, "Well, I have to be going."

Then she next stopped to look at some kitchen utensils.

She paused for a while at the paper and pencils.

And she stopped at a counter she happened to pass where

A sale was in progress of china and glass-ware.

She stayed for two hours

To look at some flowers.

She paused at the places

Where silks were and laces.

She tried on some sables,

And looked at some tables,

And read through three chapters

Of La Fontaine's fables.

She kept three girls busy,

The floorwalker dizzy,

While she looked at some tools

For her brand-new Tin Lizzie.

Then she walked to the door and she gaily departed

With just as much money as when she had started.

But on her way homeward Miss Jennifer Minns

Remembered she'd gone for a paper of pins.

Newman Levy.

## TERRIBLY!

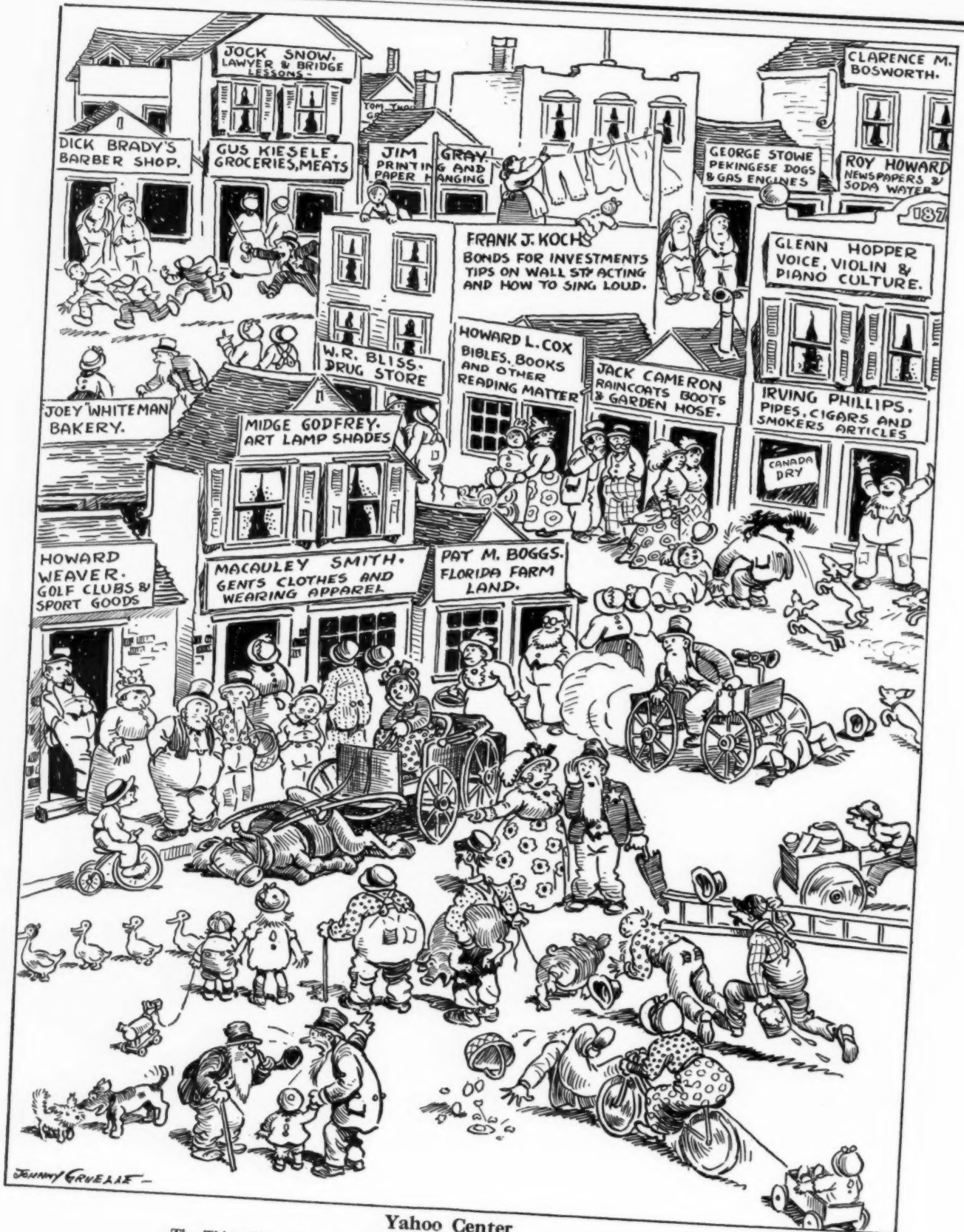
MARIE: Rose had a man arrested for annoying her on the street last night.

MADGE: My! I'll bet he was ugly!



POLITE FIREMAN: Good evening, madam, so sorry to disturb you—and would you mind leaving the water running in the tub?





### Yahoo Center

The Thirty-Nine-Year-Old Mare That Newt Ingrid Recently Sold His Mother for \$250 Drops Dead on Main Street.



## MRS. PEP'S DIARY

July

23

AWAKE betimes, reading in the public prints, and marveling how people reputed to have lost all their money nevertheless seem to be able to manage passage on the high seas. Lord! I would I were not so bourgeois about my financial obligations and were able to owe money in ease and comfort, letting my creditors do whatever worrying should be done, but if my department store bills do go the slightest bit overtime, I do fancy the Messrs. Bloomingdale and Stern tossing on their cots at night wondering why I have not come through with the payments for beige lace and flowered chintz, and when I walk through the shops, it seems as if all the salespeople were regarding me with suspicion, nor

should I be surprised should an aisle man stop me and remand me to a station house. To luncheon with Meg Andrews, who told me how she had called up one of our leading bridge experts to settle a doubtful point at contract and had later received a bill from him for twenty-five dollars, and how a lawyer acquaintance, with whom she had informally discussed the matter, had subsequently billed her for the same amount, so the game did prove quite costly, inasmuch as she had won only fourteen dollars. M. did also tell me of an affected friend who had been to a performance of "Loff, Clown, Loff," which did remind me of the woman who spoke of her husband as "Fronk."

July

24

A GREAT agony in my toe this morning, so down to Dr. Schwartz, and albeit what he removed from my nail was so infinitesimal as to be disregarded, it did feel, whilst imbedded, like the balustrade of the new Louvain library, and I was at some pains to credit that he could charge me but



"Come on, Show Boat! Get the hell down the river!"



"Now, in our next ad we want to use a beautiful girl—something that'll jump right out and sock 'em in the eye."

three dollars for working me so much relief. Then to have my face massaged, and I did draw the proprietress herself, who told me that she was to be paid twenty thousand dollars simply for moving out of the quarters which she now occupies, and it was too much for me, in view of the humidity and one thing and another, so I did bid her cease her recital, and with a rudeness which I am unaccustomed to employ. For when I think what a job it is for me to get down our curtains and send the rugs to the cleaner, with no recompense soever! Sam home betimes, with news that the clams at Sheepshead Bay have been condemned, thereby putting me in the class with the poet who never loved a dear gazelle, etc., albeit I would not credit him until he had shown me the newspaper clipping. Much talk of this and that, Sam saying that he would never credit me with approaching senility until I ceased wishing to attend every distant wedding for which we received an invitation, but I do still hold that the best criterion for the arrival of the lengthening shadows is letting a bridge player look at the last turned trick without protest. Dinner at home of rack of lamb and broccoli, very fine, and reading afterwards in my volumes of Thomas Hardy, lately come from Terence Holliday, I was struck by the fact that Hardy is the only writer who does not annoy me with his characters' dialect.

Baird Leonard.

## A REAL CHAMPION

"Is he a good salesman?"

"I'll say he is. He just sold Tex Rickard a radio set."



CITY CHILD: What's that a statue of, Mamma?

MOTHER: That's a great general, dear.

CITY CHILD: Yes, I know. But what's that thing he is sitting on?

### The Notification Party

SCENE: *The living room in the Governor's mansion at Albany. Governor Smith and Mrs. Smith are spending a quiet evening with the radio.*

MRS. SMITH: Al, I thought I heard somebody at the door.

GOV. SMITH: Just your imagination, my dear.

MRS. SMITH: Well, I'm going to open the door and look out, anyway. . . . Al! I think I see a crowd in the front yard!

GOV. SMITH: A big crowd?

MRS. SMITH: Not so terribly big. Only a hundred thousand or so, I guess.

GOV. SMITH (*sighing and putting on collar and tie*): I'll be there in a minute.

MRS. SMITH: Hurry, Al! They're coming up the steps now!

GOV. SMITH: I guess I look all right. . . . Good evening, boys!

THE CROWD: Surprise! Surprise! Surprise! Hooray! Whoopie!

SEN. KEY PITTMAN: Listen, now, you fellas: don't anybody say a word about. . . . You know! Not a word, now, until I give the sign!

GOV. SMITH: Good evening, Senator. What is this, my birthday?

SEN. PITTMAN: Not that I know of,

Governor. We are gathered here this evening to. . . .

VOICE FAR OUT IN THE CROWD: Hooray for the next. . . .

SEN. PITTMAN: Stop him before he spoils everything! Governor, a month or so ago the host of Democracy met in Houston, in the sovereign state of Texas.

GOV. SMITH: No! Is that a fact?

SEN. PITTMAN: No fooling, Governor. And on the very first ballot they. . . .

ANOTHER VOICE: Three cheers for. . . .

SEN. PITTMAN: Stop him! . . . Governor, the Democratic party has nominated you as its standard bearer!

GOV. SMITH (*quite pleased*): You mean I'm to carry the flag at the convention?

SEN. PITTMAN: I mean, Governor Smith, that you are the party's choice for President!

GOV. SMITH (*puzzled*): President of what?

SEN. PITTMAN: The United States of America!

MRS. SMITH: Well, of all things!

GOV. SMITH: Are you kidding me, Senator?

SEN. PITTMAN: Absolutely not! And that is the surprise we have for you!

THE CROWD: Hooray! . . . Whoopie! . . . Three cheers for Al!

GOV. SMITH: Boys, this is the surprise of my life! Why, I never dreamed. . . . I had no idea you were even consid. . . . Boys, this simply takes my breath away! . . . And you've kept it from me until tonight! . . . Well, well, well! . . . All I can say, boys, is that it's a pretty good job, but before I say definitely one way or the other, would you mind if I took a few days to think it over?

Chet Johnson.

### COMPANIONATE SNAPSHOT

TEACHER (*calling to children in playground*): Johnny Jones, Nellie Brown, Walter Shoemaker, your mother has just telephoned for you to come home and meet your new papa.



SHE: He tried to kiss me last night, but he certainly didn't do it.

SHE: How did he happen to change his mind?



## THE POLITICAL FRONT



### Cash Money

THE FINANCING of the campaigns of Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith will provide plenty of newspaper copy in the months just ahead. Both parties are pledged to report their collections and expenditures at regular intervals. Money will flow in without stint and will flow out in the same manner. Truman H. Newberry's expenditure of \$195,000 in a Senate campaign in Michigan may have been contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the dignity of the U. S. Senate a few years back, but there is no limit to what may be spent on a cam-

paign for the Presidency without free government's being placed in jeopardy.

The announcement of both parties that there will be no limit on individual contributions, or on the sum total of expenditure, is somewhat surprising. I had imagined that the public conscience had become rather tender with respect to financial ostentation in politics. The series of events running back to Mr. Newberry, proceeding through Will H. Hays, and culminating in the ejection of Messrs. Vare and Smith from our Upper House, seems to have made little impression. It appears certain that the present campaign will go down as the most expensive in history. And with each party spending at least \$4,000,000, there is an excellent prospect that some of this money may come into touch with fingers spatulate and unmanicured. It is fun, but it is dangerous.

\* \* \*

In all but one election since 1860 the candidate with the largest wad won. The

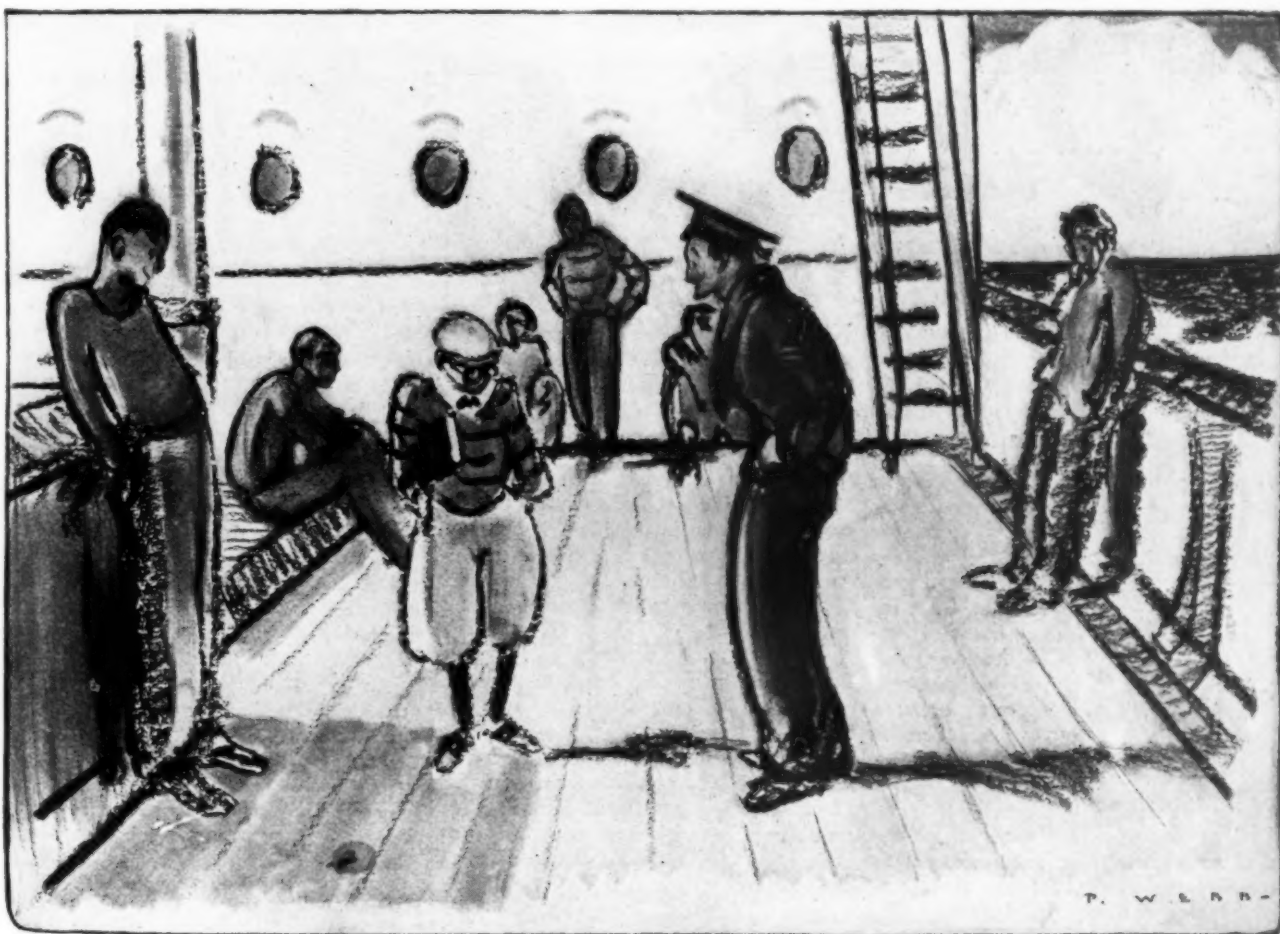
single exception occurred in 1916 when Woodrow Wilson triumphed with \$1,684,590, as compared with \$2,441,565 spent on Charles Evans Hughes. Otherwise the candidate with the most impressive financial arrangements became President. This is not necessarily *post hoc ergo*

*propter hoc*, but it is an interesting fact upon which to reflect.

The cheapest President since 1860 was Abraham Lincoln, whose first election cost \$100,000.



The most expensive President was Warren Gamaliel Harding, upon whom Elder Will Hays spent over \$4,000,000. In 1880 winning candidate James A. Garfield spent over \$1,000,000, and the victor since that time has never spent less. Back in 1896 it cost \$3,500,000 to elect William McKinley. The average has been between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,-



SAILOR (to Student Tourist): So you're going abroad to study, eh? You an' Gene Tunney!



THE HEAD PROOFREADER IN THE EDUCATOR CRACKER FACTORY DISCOVERS A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

ooo since then. It even cost \$3,000,000 in 1924 to keep Mr. Coolidge in office.

The high cost of campaigning is now a permanent factor in politics. The radio is in some degree responsible. I am informed that a nationwide hook-up for campaign purposes will cost between \$35,000 and \$40,000 a night. In earlier times special trains for candidates and rental of auditoriums were two of the main items of expense. Campaigns have become more gaudy, the use of "literature" more extensive, and with that consciousness of racially available groups that came with the war, organization has



become more elaborate. This year much money will be spent on the elusive woman vote, despite the fact that in the two national elections since the Nineteenth Amendment not more than 35 per cent. of qualified women exercised their suffrage.

\* \* \*

WHEN reports of receipts and expenditures are filed once a month with the House of Representatives, there will be plenty of "human interest" in addition to raw material for philosophers. Will H. Hays, with his fake limit of \$1,000 per contributor in 1920, will seem a piker, even if he did nick H. F. Sinclair for \$160,000 on the side. The theory this year is "give till it hurts"—provided, of course, that no contribution is so really enormous or so tainted as to hurt the can-

didate. Sources will not be scrutinized with too delicate a sense of propriety, although contributions from the more pioneering and cruder oil companies will not be solicited as such. In any case, I do not imagine that either Mr. Doheny or Mr. Sinclair is in any frame of mind to participate, both having been done dirt for their previous generosity.

Henry Suydam.

### Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

I KNOW for a fact that Lon Chaney possesses decided sex appeal for certain women.—Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.

God will never permit a man who supports the brass rail to enter the White House.

—Rev. John Callahan, of New York.

There can be no doubt of the economic benefits of Prohibition.

—Herbert Hoover.

I was once a girl. I understand girls. I have always been a pal to girls.

—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland.

A King can be a Babbitt, and most of them are.—Struthers Burt.

### Memories

THE OTHER day Lindbergh came down out of the fog on a Los Angeles flying field, after a flight over the Grand Canyon. The only passenger in his plane was a sixteen-year-old girl, the daughter of one of Lindbergh's friends in Santa Barbara.

Now there was, presumably, nothing romantic in this episode, nor is there the slightest suspicion that Lindbergh's interest in the young lady was other than remote. He is always glad to take his friends and their children for flights; he considers it almost part of his job.

But one can't help imagining the memories that will lurk in the mind of this lucky girl—memories that will flourish and expand as the years roll by.

We extend to her our sincerest congratulations, and at the same time, we offer this word of sympathy to her future husband, who will have to hear her tell, at least fifty-eight thousand times, the story of how she was lost in the fog in a flight over the Grand Canyon—alone, with Lindbergh.

### TWO PROVERBS IN ONE

FAINT praise ne'er won fair lady.

## LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

### Bill—A Sporting Proposition

IN one of the musical comedies that is making summer endurable for the stranded New Yorker, a fascinating lady sings a song about a man she loves. He isn't clever, he isn't much to look at, he isn't rich or successful, but the lady nightly assures the audience that she loves him just the same. She doesn't know why, but he remains forever her Bill.

And that is the way we feel about one of the boys—and he is typical of all the boys—who are being given a very much needed holiday at LIFE's Camp at Pottersville, New Jersey. His name, too, is Bill, and he comes from the Lower East Side, a crowded, sweltering, dangerous and unlovely section of the metropolis.

Bill is scrawny and pretty wild. He gives the counselors a peck of trouble, and his appetite is the eighth wonder. But he's the kind of tenement youngster



"Say, Pa, can't you be a little more subtle and lay off this everlasting slap-stick hokum?"



THE PROFESSIONAL FIRE-EATER PREPARES A LIGHT SUMMER LUNCH

we adore. All the rest doesn't matter. He's just our Bill.

Down where Bill comes from is the sort of place where gangs flourish, where young thugs are bred, where evil association lays its ensnaring arm across young shoulders and beckons down dark alleys.

It is for boys like Bill that LIFE's Camp at Pottersville gets into action and delivers the goods. Understanding, companionship, sanitation, fresh air, outdoor sleeping, long hikes with nature lessons and scout lore on the side and grand campfire suppers at the end, seem, suddenly, to all our Bills, the very finest things in the world.

Ethics, little by little, creeps into the playing of all games and field activities, so that the word "honor" gets miraculously written across the sky. The counselors at our Boys' Camp have that wonderful thing called a "feeling" for these small street citizens. They become big brothers and advisers and chums, in one. Letters drift back to these counselors all during the winter months to prove that the friendships made at Pottersville live and bear fruit.

It is futile for us to groan with despair over the daily newspaper accounts of gangsters and gunmen and desperadoes, and wonder how it will all end. Let's do some- (Please turn to page 28)

### AN ORIGINAL IDEA

GERT: Did you get your husband a surprise on his birthday?

SADIE: I'll say I did. You never saw a more surprised man in your life.

GERT: What did you get for him?

SADIE: Breakfast.



SHIP'S BARBER: Have a shave, sir? I think I can make it.





## "WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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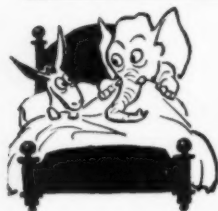
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WHATEVER effect the presidential campaign may or may not have on business, it has already been a

remarkable stimulant to creative scholarship. Any number of people, not hitherto suspected of an enthusiasm for historical research, have been delving industriously into Al Smith's record in the New York Legislature; and discovering, curiously enough, pretty much anything that they set out to find. Smith's later record is a brilliant talking point for his supporters; but in his early years, when he voted regularly with his party and had not yet gained strength enough to move the party his way, he voted for some pretty dubious measures, as any regular party man must. Mr. Hoover, observing the capital his supporters are making out of his opponent's record, must thank God that he has never been elected to public office.

A genuine surprise was lately sprung, however, by the New York *Herald Tribune*, in pursuit of its endeavor to prove that Hoover is the Wet Man's Hope. It seems that twenty-one years ago Smith introduced a bill into the legislature prohibiting the manufacture or possession of cigarettes. Doubtless Assemblyman Smith believed that the prohibition of cigarettes would be a great experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. He was young then, and had never been around much.

The difference between Smith's earlier and later legislative record was explained a couple of years ago by William Allen White, in a simple formula—he took orders until he was able to give them. In those days White called him a town-lot Galahad; but now that the Catholic Gala-

had is running for President, and Brother White stands beside Bill Vare and George Lockwood in defense of what he calls our Puritan civilization, it seems that none of the orders Smith gave can wash away the stain of the orders he took. Brother White is saddened, he says, by the fact that Smith is burdened by such a record; he drops a tear, as warm and salty as any that J. Maynard Keynes ever shed for bleeding France, but that is as far as he will go. The doctrine that a man who has walked in darkness may see a great light, and walk in that light thereafter, is both Christian ethics and good sense; but the stern Calvinist from Emporia will have none of it.



SOMEWHAT similar are the views of Mr. Edison, who is for Hoover, and thinks Hoover will win, because "people do not like some of Smith's associations." The inference is that everybody likes all of Hoover's associations; but there are some of us who, whatever our opinion of Methodist Bishops as such, are not particularly enthusiastic for Methodist Bishops who try to drive their flock to the polls and deliver it on the hoof. These right reverend gentlemen are cutting off their noses to spite their faces; but if they were doing no more than that it would be nobody's business but their own. Unfortunately they are also cutting off the noses of all the rest of us.

It has frequently been said that if Catholic Bishops tried to do what some of the Methodist Bishops—and some pastors of other Protestant denominations—are trying to do, outraged Protestantism would roar to the skies. True enough; and the implication, which Catholics are not likely to be slow to perceive, is that

what is permissible to Methodists is forbidden to Catholics; that Catholics, in other words, are a sort of Grade B citizens with only partial rights. Catholics being human, they are likely to itch with a desire to prove that that is not so. The Catholic Church has occasionally and locally played politics in this country, but its record is far better than that of most of the leading Protestant bodies. But compare its abstinence from politics in America with its active participation in politics in some European countries, and it may reasonably be inferred that this self-denial is a matter of local policy rather than of universal and eternal dogma. The Constitution of the United States endeavors to keep religion out of politics; and the Catholic Church, in the main, has acted as if the Constitution were meant to be taken seriously. If the Methodists elect to treat this part of the Constitution as material for nullification, the Catholics might decide to take a collective hand in politics, in mere self-defense.

If they should do that— Well, there are a good many more Catholics in this country than Methodists, even allowing for the fact that Protestant statistics of church membership do not include the entire Protestant population; and when the Catholics do play politics they play it with an astuteness backed by considerably more experience than any Protestant body has ever had time to accumulate. A job that was too big for Bismarck is not likely to be within the capacity of Bishop James Cannon, Jr.

There are some Methodist Bishops, fortunately, who seem to think that their church cannot profitably make Methodist dictatorship the leading issue of a presidential campaign. It looks as if this hot summer is only the prelude to a hotter fall; a good motto for Christians of any denomination might be, "Vote as you like, but keep cool with Candler."



CAIAPHAS, High Priest of Israel, once remarked that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. That observation has come down in history with some opprobrium attached to it, but as a generalization it is sound enough; Caiaphas' only mistake was that he picked the wrong man. So, apparently, did the United States Lawn Tennis Association, when, discovering that it was about time that somebody be offered up in sacrifice to the God of Amateur Purity, it selected Mr. William T. Tilden, 2d.

Well, it is not only in sport that a



"Speak Up or Shut Up"

single victim is made to bear the brunt of everybody's transgressions. There has lately been much uproar over the iniquitous endeavor of the public utilities interests to get favorable propaganda into school textbooks. Now we are all opposed to propaganda, and we all know what it is; my side of the case is truth, your side of the case is propaganda. Gentlemen connected with public utilities doubtless think that they were only correcting textbooks which had previously been tainted with gross error. And, as reasonably as Mr. Tilden, they may object to their being picked out as scapegoats, when getting propaganda into the school textbooks has been one of the national sports for years past. Breathes there the cigarette smoker who was not taught in school that he would soon cease to breathe at all, if he became an addict of the deadly coffin nail?

Back in 1917 there was a general movement to rewrite histories of the American Revolution in the interest of Anglo-American friendship. Some ancient distortions of the truth were corrected, but perhaps new distortions were introduced;

at any rate there was a time when, to find a history of the American Revolution that gave the Americans an even break, it was almost necessary to read a book written by an Englishman. The war ended, public opinion turned the other way; and the Irish zealously set to work to revise the school histories in the interest of Anglo-American enmity. They corrected a few lately introduced distortions, and tried to introduce some others; but was this propaganda? Not at all; it was truth, as any Irishman will tell you. To an observer with no particular prejudice in favor of either the English or the Irish it seems that there was a good deal to be said on both sides in that argument; and it was all said, and more too.

Where the utility interests can most pertinently be criticized is for waste of effort. The history of the last fifty years proves pretty conclusively that a public service corporation can get favorable publicity most easily, and most cheaply, by concentrating on public service. The railroads were generally hated, till they got out of politics and devoted their energies, and their revenues, to carrying freight

and passengers. For an instance on the other side consider the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which operates and partially owns some of the New York subways. It employs the most costly press agent in the world to get it good publicity, and it is probably the most enthusiastically hated corporation anywhere in existence. It might be paying rich dividends, if the effort and ingenuity it has spent to gain unpopularity had been devoted to the business of running the subways.

*Elmer Davis.*

### —Life Lines—

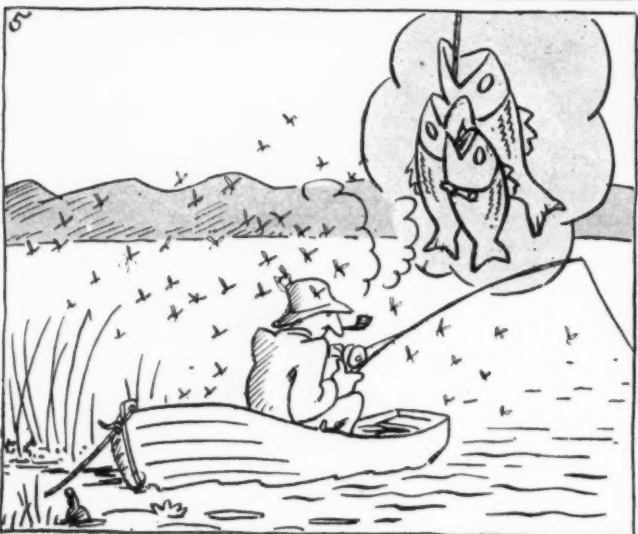
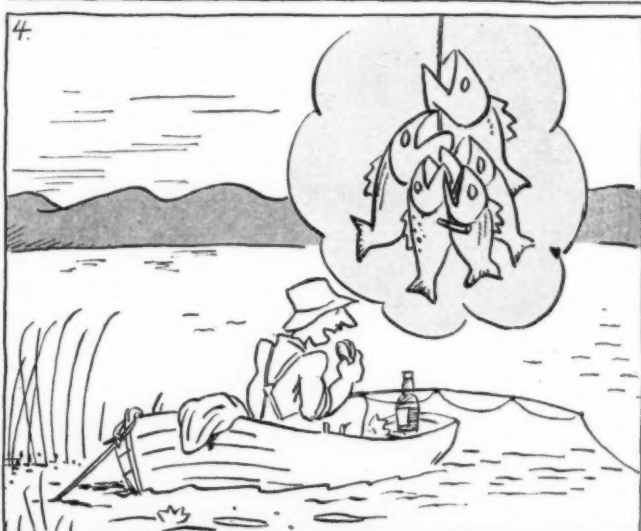
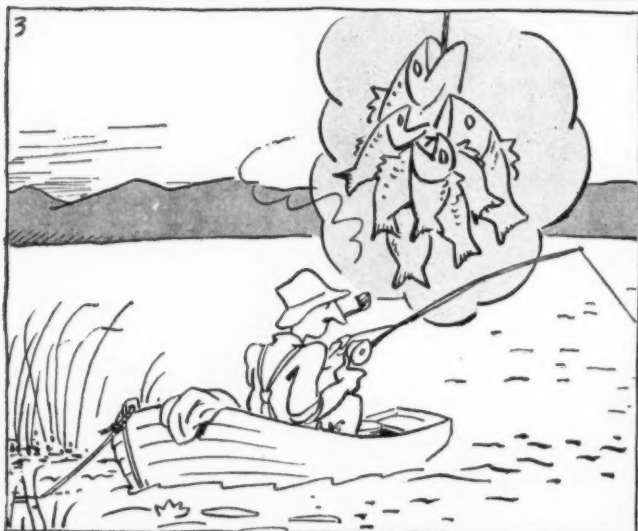
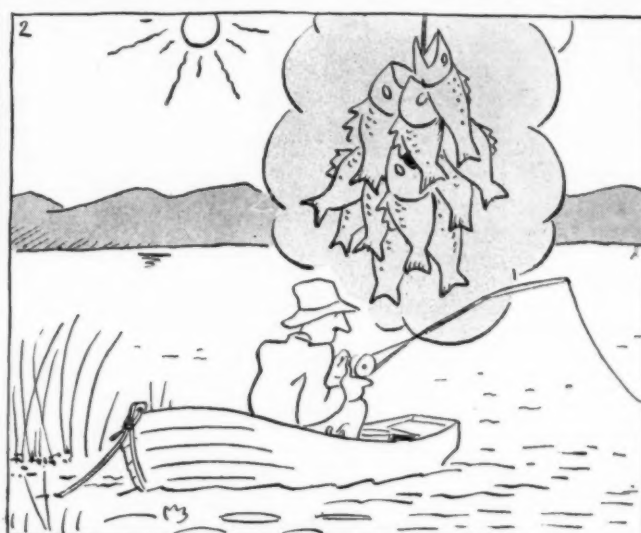
WE assume that Al Smith, in replying to his notification of nomination, will use the General Motors Acceptance Plan.

—JL

A SURE-FIRE plank in anyone's platform would be: No more laws until we've used up the ones we have.

—JL

PERHAPS, after all, the bandage does not indicate that Justice is blind. Maybe she just wears it to hide the fact that she's slightly cock-eyed.



Revised Estimates





## SPORTSMEN *and* SPORTS

### The Tilden Controversy



THAT ancient fable about thunderstorms being nothing but Hendrik Hudson and his crew of the "Half Moon" playing at bowls up in the Catskill Mountains has been cast into the discard. Nowadays when the heavens are rent and loud

peals go echoing down the countryside the modern sports follower, wise in his generation, merely cocks an ear and murmurs: "Aha! Bill Tilden and the tennis officials are at it again."

There have been some boisterous battles over the amateur question this simmering summer and, once the opening shot is heard, it never takes long for the firing to become general. All sorts of people come a-running to join the riot and innocent bystanders are laid out in long rows. Few of the many who join in the debate have any clear idea of the points at issue. That merely adds to the fun and fury.

Unless there was a mistake somewhere in the translation, it was Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen who said, after she had turned professional, that the distinction between amateurs and professionals in tennis was social in England, financial in France and imaginary in America. In the language of Béranger:

*"Halte-là!*

*Vite en prison pour celà!"*

*Que diable!* It's a fine state of affairs when a man can't play tennis all over this and other countries the year around without having suspicious and pernicious persons hinting that he must be a professional. Though he may have no visible means of support except a racquet, it's impertinent to bring up the question of where he gets the money to live on.

Another point: Bill Tilden didn't fall afoul of the tennis association because he gave up his professional career on the stage to devote himself entirely to an amateur game. Far from it. It was at the behest and also the expense of the tennis association that Tilden did all that. It was all done for the sacred cause of amateur

tennis and the gate money went into the equally sacred coffers of the tennis association.

But it was when Tilden tried to earn a little money on the side by writing articles that the heavy hand of the law fell on him. Regardless of Tilden's innocence or guilt in that matter, the tennis association seems to have strained at a gnat after swallowing a whole cluster of camels with great complacency.

Donning a close-fitting suit of Sydenham armor, one might venture further into the No Man's Land of open debate and say that the whole amateur tennis system is wrong, beginning with the paying of expenses which allows players to gallivant around the country year in and year out, and continuing on up to the Davis Cup campaign which requires a group of amateurs to abandon farm and fireside, hearth and home, work and study, for five full months in order to race across a number of courts in pursuit of a silver trophy.

Tennis officials insist that these prac-

tices built up the game to its present popularity. Perhaps so, but golf built itself up without any such debatable methods. (For some strange reason, comparisons between golf and tennis always infuriate tennis officials.) In any event, the aforesaid system led directly to the bitter trench warfare of the now waning summer. If tennis people are satisfied with it, why should anyone else worry? Comparatively few citizens are star players or tennis officials. The great majority, therefore, can stand on the sidelines and derive considerable amusement from watching them swing at each other's heads.

And, incidentally, it is a great thing for the cause of international amity that Tilden, after being reinstated as a result of France's graceful gesture, failed to carry the joke too far by winning back the Davis Cup.

John Kieran.

### OUTCLASSED

PREACHER: You must conquer yourself. I conquered myself when I was about your age.

JONES: Well, you see, parson, I'm a harder man to lick than you are.



MODERN YOUNGSTER: Step on it, Mamma, or the lights will be against us!



## THE THEATRE

### New Resolutions

NEXT week, if you will ask "Mummie" to let you sit up very, very late on the evening of August 23, you may be able to get one of the early editions of this magazine in which will be found our first reviews of the New Season (1928-29). Of course by then the New Season will have been bowling along for about two weeks, but it does not become a *de facto* season until this department has accorded it official recognition. That is the Law.

You may think it all very fine and thrilling to have so much power and prestige that a whole great, big dramatic season stands waiting for one department to say "Yes" or "No," or perhaps "What time is it?" but the responsibilities of such a position are very heavy. We may actually have to return to New York and see some of the new plays.



ACCORDING to the advance dope-sheet, the first entries are to be "Elmer Gantry," something called "Trapped," and the "Vanities of 1928," Mr. Earl Carroll's first venture since his graduation. Writing this, as we are, about a week before they have opened, and with no necktie on, we have a hunch that "Elmer Gantry" is going to be one of those early-season novel-dramatizations which, along about November, will be recalled only by those in the profession; that Mr. Carroll, fortified by the costly presence of W. C. Fields and a couple of Dooleys, will come across with a good one; and that "Trapped" will be one of those Max Marcin melodramas. This eerie prophecy on our part will probably send the ticket agencies out scurrying to buy eight weeks ahead on "Elmer Gantry" and to dump their holdings in the "Vanities." Such is the power of the Press.



BUT, whatever turn the new season takes, this department is going to be a much bet-

ter boy, beginning with next week's issue. We are going to make this just the best and most inspiring dramatic page in the whole school and are going to do everything in our power to win the Edyth Totten Prize for the neatest manuscript written on the subject of "What I Did on My Vacation." You will be surprised at how much better this department is going to be from now on, provided you can find it. It will always be about four blocks over from the Will Rogers campaign matter and just before you get to the Ornithological News.

In the first place, we are going to see every play that comes along, even if it is produced by Gustav Blum. No matter if it is going to close the next night, or even if it closes while we are there, we are going to see it and write about it.

Our reason for this resolution is not to make the page more comprehensive but to irritate ourself. We have been getting a little soft of late and need to be aroused into an ugly mood. We have been concentrating on the plays that we could be nice about and passing the others over with a brave little laugh and a toss of the head. From now on we see all and say all, and will probably get a good push in the face before October is over. But our readers will have known the truth.



SOONER or later in the life of a dramatic reviewer comes the problem of whether he is to write for that large majority of his readers who know nothing about Show Business or for those who are in the profession. Copy which makes good reading for one class is deadly dull to the other. In reviewing a play for the trade one must mention minor members of the cast, like a community newspaper's account of local theatricals: "Also very good were Clarence G. Deefish as *Lord Gotrocks*, Lillian Menderson as the maid *Beeper*, Theodore F. Fonsgerk as *Policeman* and Roger Flann as *A Mess of Pickerel*. Jervis W. Lastic made the part of *Thorton* a very real character and Blanche Omshell kept the audience in gales of laughter by her

antics as the *Archbishop of Canterbury*."

Now such accounts are all very well for those readers who know Theodore Fonsgerk and Lillian Menderson but to the vast unenlightened majority they are so much type, and we have, in common with the presidential candidates, decided to cast our lot with the vast unenlightened majority who know about Ethel Barrymore and Ed Wynn and let it go at that. In other words, this page will contain breezy, badly spelled essays on subjects suggested by current plays, with just enough news interspersed to make them dull, and will interest only those members of the theatrical profession who like *belles-lettres* or who want to be thrown into a rage. Our friends in the profession (of whom there are now seven as opposed to twelve last year) need expect no favors of us, unless perhaps they can see their way clear to sending us a hundred Melachrinos at Christmas time.



So you see, this page is really going to be just about the same as it has been for the past eight years, except for a vicious note which will come as the result of our being unable to drink anything with our dinner. Our motto will be, "One for all, and all for fun, and tea for two and two for three, and one for the little boy who lives in the lane." On this platform we shall stand or fall. Take it or leave it.

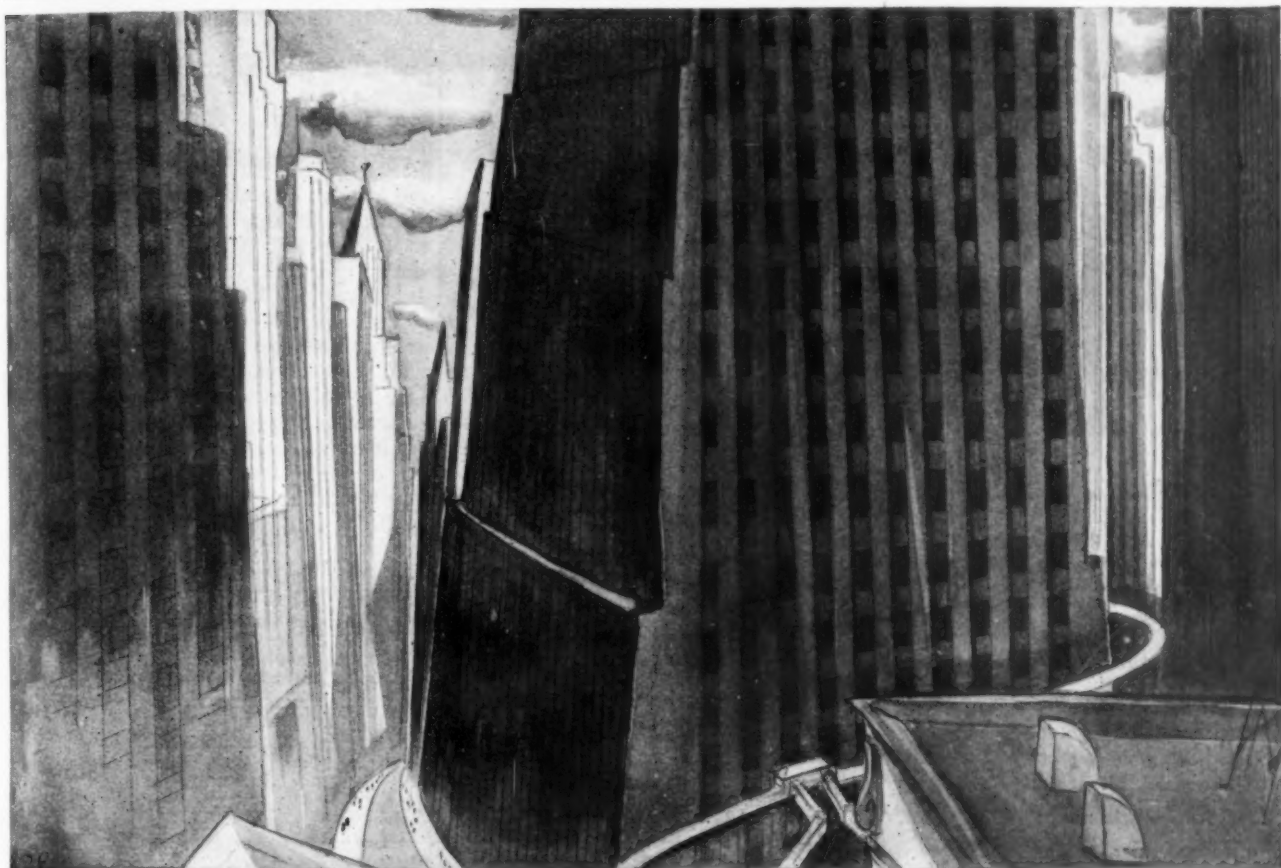
Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.

### A Study in Nomenclature

MR. GRAHAM McNAMEE (*becoming very much excited*): A right and left! Tunney to Tommy! Gene hit Heeney with a right and left! Now Tommy is coming in! Tunney—er—Tommy drives a long overhand right to Tommy's jaw! Tunney's jaw! Gene—Heeney—drives a right to Tommy's — Tunney's — jaw! Tunney comes back with a hard left to Tommy's nose! Oh, what a nose Tunney has! Tommy has! What a nose Tommy—Tunney—Tommy—has! Heeney—er—Tommy—er—Junney—Tunney! Tunney ties Tommy up with a hard left! Tommy—Tunney—Gene—Heeney—shoots a hard left to Tunney—Tommy—Geeney—that ties him up! Now Heeney—Hunney—Tunney—Tommy—Heeney....

E. B. Crosswhite.



MR. BROWN (meeting Mr. Green on State Street): Yes, sir, it's a small world after all!

#### A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE

"WHAT'S Sam raving about?"

"It seems that he was just fined two dollars for some traffic violation."

"Was he guilty?"

"Of course he was."

"Then why get sore? He ought to be glad to get off with a two-dollar fine."

"It's not the fine, it's the principle of the thing. Two years ago Sam gave a policeman off duty a ride home."

#### The Business Expert Consults His Doctor

"HELLO, doc. I'd like to have you look me over. I'm feeling 18.7 per cent. less than I did last week, compared with 100 for the corresponding week of 1927. I eat 20.1 per cent. less than last week, and 25.8 per cent. less than a year ago. I average 5.965 hours of sleep per night as compared with 6.7 per cent. last week, 6.9 per cent. last year, and 7.4 per cent. in 1926. Exercise for the first 6 months of 1928 averaged 2.1 hours per 24-hour day; for the same period of 1927 this item

amounted to 3.5 hours. Based upon a ten-year average of personal efficiency of 98.6 per cent., my condition as of the 1st of August, 1928, after depreciation, and other losses, amounted to 63.4 per cent., due no doubt to unsound fundamental principles."

D. L. Cotie.



A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE FAN GETS A SATISFACTORY LOOK INTO THE PORES OF HER FAVORITE FILM ACTRESS

#### THE RADIO



#### The Flop Heard 'Round the World

LET us imagine that we are sheep herders in New Zealand or farmers in the Thomas Hardy country in England. Now don't be stubborn; you know you have nothing better to do. And why should we play at being sheep herders or English farmers? Let us do it for the sake of international brotherhood so that we may understand the turmoil created in the minds of our distant cousins by the world-wide broadcast of the Tunney-Heeney fight.

The fight was scattered all over innocent territory by means of a short and snappy wavelength. This short wavelength business is a new racket and it means that countries may annoy each





ANNE: You know, I think Sally has finally married Jack after all!

JANET: Why?

ANNE: Well, she is running around with Bob all the time now.

other without going to the trouble of recalling their ambassadors and declaring war. It works like this: the National Broadcasting Company sent the sordid doings by special wavelength to Station 2LO of London, the big papa of the British Broadcasting Company, and thus a private tragedy became an international disaster.

But we have forgotten about our game of being sheep herders or farmers. We are sitting in our cottages waiting for the epochal event. The children have been allowed to remain up late so that they may see just what sort of entertainment their American cousins think is worth forty dollars a throw.

After switching and strange noises and "please stand bys," like a telephone central getting a very long distance number, Graham McNamee begins to speak. There is no enthusiasm in McNamee's introduction. He reflects Broadway's attitude that the fight is a flop; he shares Mr. Tex Rickard's wish that Mr. Heeney were the more profitable Mr. Dempsey. Now all this is all right for a purely local broadcast; but to send such crabbing around the world is like having a friend telephone you from San Francisco to tell you that his old rheumatism is back again and that business is rotten.

As sheep herders and farmers, we never have seen a prizefight; in fact, we never have seen more than a couple of hundred people gathered together in one place. And yet Mr. McNamee, quite contrary

to his usual style, doesn't describe the crowd, the place or the weather. He wastes a lot of time announcing that Jack Dempsey is accompanied by Mr. Quinn

Martin, when we distant listeners are burning to know whether the Yankee Stadium is an Indian reservation or a big speakeasy.

Between rounds, Phillips Carlin takes the microphone. Carlin seems terribly impressed by the fact that David Belasco and Florenz Ziegfeld are present. Who is Mr. Belasco? Who is Mr. Ziegfeld? What about the other 49,998? Are there any women present? What do the fighters themselves look like?

McNamee's account of the fight itself was good enough. A black eye is a black eye all over the world. And he was gallant enough to Heeney when poor Tom was just able to be propped up in his corner. But it would have been more courteous to the foreign listeners if he had said a few words for Heeney while he was still a menace to Mr. Tunney.

*Agnes Smith.*

#### THE OPEN SEASON

WILLIS: I wonder what the well-dressed candidate will wear this year?

GILLIS: Mudguards.

THE traffic cop's version: "Stop lively!"



PROLIFIC MYSTERY-STORY WRITER: Tell me, Gertrude, am I working on this story or the next two ones?



## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

### Seattle

QUITE a few stone crocks and gallon jugs are being sold by our merchants these days, the blackberry season being at hand.

\*\*\*E. Nelson, the intrepid world girdler as he is called by some, is now of here. Welcome to our happy midst, Erik.

\*\*\*Miss G. Ahlblad, formerly of here, was married recently in New York City and will visit here shortly with her husband who is a Mr. Smith of that town.

\*\*\*C. Wilbur of Washington (D. C.) spent several days here looking over the Navy which is his job. Come again Curtis and bring your boats with you.

✎ Frank McDermott's new store is coming along nicely. He says he hasn't picked out the paint for it yet.

*Hal Burdick.*

### Detroit

JOHN SOSNOWSKI, who was the best dressed man in Congress until Bob Clancy turned Republican and beat him, is out for the office again. John is the only man hereabouts who wears spats for any purpose except to keep his ankles warm.

\*\*\*Several from here who went to New York July 26 to make a slew of money on the big fight are expected back soon if the walking weather keeps good.

\*\*\*Gov. Fred Green was so busy lately that he clean forgot to observe Be-Kind-to-Animals Week, but he has been reminded, and says he will be kind to an animal this week, sure.

\*\*\*Russel Crouse, the noted N. Y. columnist, was a welcome caller at the sanctum, and told some stories which were a scream. Come again, Russ, and stay longer, say we.

\*\*\*The new Civic Theater is making great strides under the guiding hand of our distinguished thespian, Jessie Bonstelle. It has been truly said, "God made the heavens but Jessie makes the stars," meaning theatrical stars, of course.

✎ Being somewhat tired of life, ye scribe ferried over to Windsor one night to see the marathon dancers do the merry

twiggle. He dropped from exhaustion after ten minutes.

\*\*\*Our enterprising citizens, the Book boys, have put up some new lights on Washington Blvd., the same making this the best lighted street in the world. Ah, there, Boston! Ah, there, Philadelphia!

\*\*\*Is it warm enough for you?

*Elmer C. Adams.*

### Los Angeles

D. W. GIBBS of the telephone co. gives it out that we can now phone all the way to Switzerland from here. That's progress all right, D. W., but after you ring them up, what the he—ll is there to say?

\*\*\*L.A. doesn't aim to take a back seat to Chicago in anything. We've had six unsolved gang murders in the last month.

\*\*\*Mayor Walker of Gotham was up to see W. R. Hearst at his San Simeon place but judging from Swinnerton's and Powers' cartoons, it didn't do much good.

\*\*\*The grand jury is in session here, this being the county seat.

\*\*\*Delegates to the World Sunday School Conference here have come out flatfooted with an uncompromising stand in favor of temperance.

\*\*\*Tourists are finding our summer climate quite as delightful as same in winter.—*Adv.* *Wm. J. Pringle, Jr.*

### Boston

CHARLEY GAMBRILL, conductor on the Merchants Limited, was in New York a couple of days last week.

\*\*\*The new summer issue of the telephone book is out. It is hard to believe there can be 562 pages of right numbers.

\*\*\*R. Byrd of Brimmer St. is planning on a business trip to the South Pole this fall.

\*\*\*Painters have been administering two coats of red paint to an establishment in South Boston. We could not learn whether it is to be a Woolworth store, an A. & P. place or a fire station.

✎ There was quite a disturbance at the Franklin Square House last wk. The *National Geographic* failed to arrive on time.

\*\*\*A new roller coaster has been installed at Revere Beach for the dipsomaniacs.

\*\*\*Larry Bitner, the local bong veevong, has returned from a vacation out of town. As near as we can make out, he visited a place called Guinan, Texas.

\*\*\*Oliver W. Holmes and Louis Brandeis, local boys who have jobs in Washington, D. C., are vacationizing hereabouts.

*Neal O'Hara.*

### Chicago

OUR local beauty shoppe is now equipped to give permanent waves, having given three already at this writing, one of which turned out quite well.

\*\*\*Everybody is wishing they were Clara Bow this hot weather.

\*\*\*Charley Grimm, the well-known Cub member, is now driving a new 1928 model banjo, on which he can already render "Sweet Adeline" with élat (French). Charley expects to have quite an extensive repertoire by the time the boys bring home the pennant.

✎ Quite a number of people here are letting their radio batteries run down until after election.

\*\*\*The corner grocery reports right smart of sugar is being bought by its customers these days. In case Hoover does get elected, folks say, there's no sense in taking too many chances.

\*\*\*If you don't see your name here, better pay up that back subscription or you might see it next week.—*Adv.*

*Asia Kagowan.*

### Spokane

HAZELTON SPENCER, who is leaving the State College at Pullman to teach Shakespeare at Johns Hopkins, spent several days here trying to get a letter of introduction to Gene Tunney.

\*\*\*Clipper Smith, Gonzaga College's hustling football coach, has been studying under Knute Rockne this summer, and

now all he needs is a good backfield and a couple of ends.

✍ Your corr. is vacationing at Victoria, B. C., where subscription renewals, complimentary tickets and demands for re-tractions will reach him.

\*\*\*Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood are visiting Glacier Park with Percy Grainger and bride. We understood Mr. Grainger to say he was in the piano business.

\*\*\*The days are getting shorter.

\*\*\*George Fuller, our efficient librarian, has written a history of the Pacific Northwest, and has got the footnote habit so bad that he puts them in his letters.

\*\*\*Passenger planes are flying daily between here and Portland, Ore. They are equipped with pontoons for landing at the Webfoot metropolis. Guess that will hold Dean Collins for awhile.

*Stoddard King.*

### Kansas City

ONE of our genial grocery boys had a coyote bite him on East Twelfth Street the other day. The groceries were delivered next day.

\*\*\*There was a serious case of bathtub slipping in our town Saturday night. The victim is carrying his arm in a sling, owing to having run same through the window by the tub when he slipped.

\*\*\*Mrs. Schumann-Heink, veteran operatic alto, who gave lessons in our town this summer, says she is coming back for same next year.

\*\*\*Editor Bill White of our thriving metropolis on the west, Emporia, is mixing business and pleasure in Europe this summer, accompanied by the wife.

✍ Marshal and Chief Night Watchman Link Towne would appreciate your vote for sheriff.

*Clad H. Thompson.*

### Ottawa

ERNEST LAPOINTE, the well-known Minister of Justice's wife is back from England where she met her daughter Odette and the King.

\*\*\*Colonel and Mrs. Jimmie Woods, Elbert Soper and wife, the Tommy Gormans, Norman Smiths and a lot of others are amongst those who have plenty of uncashed *pari-mutuel* tickets left over from the fall meet at Connaught Park.

\*\*\*Lindsay Gordon is back to his job of wing commanding for the Air Force, following a recent visit to the Thousand Islands with his Commander-in-Chief, Mrs. Lindsay Gordon.

✍ The rock drills which formerly ran all night outside our bedroom window at the Chateau Laurier have been supplanted by riveting machines.—*Adv.*

\*\*\*Plans to make our community the City Beautiful and fully worthy of the two quart hats which a national capital naturally attracts are going ahead, as Premier King says, "apace." Even Federal District Commissioner Tom Ahearn has caught the spirit and is hoarding packets of seeds against next spring.

\*\*\*Attendance at the Post Graduate School of Draw and Stud in the Laurentian Club has been light of late weeks, due to the fact that most of the students are taking extra-mural courses during the summer months.

*Leslie Roberts.*

### Cincinnati

A MAN was seen registering for the presidential election the other day.

\*\*\*Pearl Besuner and Grace Divine have obtained responsible positions with the Metropolitan Opera Co. Congrats, girls, and listen, be kind to those opera singers, for an opera singer never forgets, we hear.

\*\*\*H. C. Blackwell, Pres. of our C. of C., is getting up a club known as the Society of Ex-Cincinnatians, which will be nationwide in scope and democratic. All you will have to do to get in is leave town.

\*\*\*Dorothy Ellin, who acted in a Gotham drama called "The Squall," visited the home folks recently and it rained and thundered here so much that it was all Dot could do to keep from going into the big passion scene.

\*\*\*Instead of sending their straw hats to the cleaner's, some of our citizens are cleaning them themselves, which is all right, say we, there being enough bootleg gin hereabouts for all purposes.

\*\*\*Myers Y. Cooper is running for Gov. again and is speechifying all over the state. Some folks say My should keep a stiff upper lip and some say both upper and lower.

*Tupper Greenwald.*

### Milwaukee

WALT BELSON, the jolly trade news bureau man, bought a nobby two-pants suit here last week, but he was only wearing one pair of same when we met him yesterday.

\*\*\*Ted Carpenter, well-known publicity man, let out another notch in his belt the other day, it being the third notch this year. Too much hasenpfeffer and wiener schnitzel, is our guess.

\*\*\*Stewart Johnston, of Johnston's chocolates fame, mixed up a dandy batch of assorted hard centers out to the plant yesterday. Better keep them in your cellar next to that other stuff, Stewie!

\*\*\*Dr. Charles Albright, of here, still holds his title as the world's champion life insurance salesman. Last year Charlie sold \$2,832,500 worth, including a little to some of his former patients of the days when he was a medico, twenty-two years ago.

*Jan Hartnett.*

### Omaha

JOHN GILCHRIST is in Scotland, concluding a deal for a dozen golf balls.

\*\*\*Now that we have overnight air mail to New York, NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS from here will be fresher than ever, is our aim.

\*\*\*Walter Head has returned from a month at his farm and gone to Alaska for six weeks. Walter must be in pretty good at the Omaha National.

\*\*\*Henry Allen, late of Wichita, Kans., is a new member of the Chamber of Commerce, Ad-Sell League, Ak-Sar-Ben, Country and Hoover-for-President Clubs.

\*\*\*Jack Shannahan, formerly of Newport News, Va., is making people love the street railway but not so many ride as Jack would like. Our hint is, let the passengers drive the trams and have parking places to hunt for.

✍ Miss Edith Tobitt, at the Library, where Jim Tully got the notion to write, has some new books in, including one by Jim.

*B. F. Sylvester.*

### Saratoga Springs

ADDISON (Ad) KELLY, former football star (Princeton 1896), at present popular broker, is a great shouter for Saratoga as a health resort. Keep up the good work, "Ad."

\*\*\*Any number of prominent Blindfolded Cigarette Identifiers and Indorsers are seen daily at the track, most of whom are usually smoking brands probably identified by them.

\*\*\*The popular Billy Hitts of Middleburg, Va., are once again cottaging at the Springs for the season. Both are enthusiastic devotees of the Sport of Kings and Ye Ed hopes to see their colors flash down in front before the meeting ends.

✍ A well-known owner of racers, who is a bit hard of hearing, while attending a c—kt—I party recently was asked,



"What are your racing colors?" To which question the w.k.o. it is reported replied, "Oh, just gin and Italian Vermouth."

\*\*\*Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt and Mrs. Margaret Emerson Baker, owners respectively of the Fair Stable and the Sagamore Stable, are rubbing elbows in adjoining boxes in the Club House enclosure.

\*\*\*The Commanders and the California Humming Birds are the features at the Lido Venice, the Spa's Night Club de Luxe.

\*\*\*For a fee of fifteen cents visitors may enter the City Casino—formerly Richard Canfield's Palace of Chance—and inspect the famous carpet that still covers the floor of what once was the gaming room. The cover charge also entitles the caller to one pint of Saratoga's state-owned table waters.

Clarence H. Knapp.

## New York

BOTH local baseball clubs are doing grandly at this writing.

\*\*\*Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Brooks are going to Europe next month, but nearly everybody else will be back home by that time.

\*\*\*Charley Schwartz is up at Saratoga for the races. Chas. is known as the king of sports and it is apropos that he should be interested in the sport of kings, as horse-racing is popularly called.

✱ Work has begun on the new bank bldg. near the depot.

\*\*\*Will Durant and J. P. McEvoy were pitching horseshoes up at Bye-Bye, Conn., the other day. J. P. is one of the old-fashioned boys who wears a vest and suspenders on the hottest days.

\*\*\*Looks like we were in for another torrid spell.

\*\*\*The town is full of visitors from the West and South buying things for the Xmas trade in their stores. Not to put too fine a point on it, most of these boys act different from how they will vote.

\*\*\*Milt Livingston, the genial baker, has been way out West on a pleasure trip. He certainly escaped some baking weather here, is how one of his anonymous friends put it.

\*\*\*This is a funny country. Everybody we know says he or she is going to vote for Smith but that Hoover will be elected. If Hoover is elected Bill Irwin and Geo. Barr Baker will probably both turn down cabinet portfolios, especially Bill.

Franklin P. Adams.



AFTER THE DIVORCE

MOVIE STAR: I've decided to demand a new trial.

INTERVIEWER: But why? You won the case.

STAR: I know—But I wasn't satisfied with the publicity.

## Ad Infinitum

THREE years ago he started manufacturing in his spare time in his cellar.

Two years ago he built a factory and employed over two hundred persons.

Last year he owned five factories and

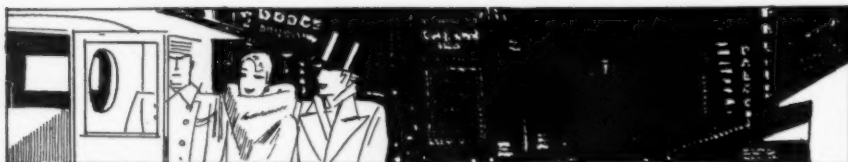
had twenty-five thousand wage-earners on his payroll.

Today, with twice as many factories and three times as many employees, he cannot meet the demand for his product.

He manufactures "No Parking" signs.



DAD HITCHES THE FAVORITE NECKING LOUNGE TO THE FRIGIDAIRE AND THE YOUNG THINGS FIND EACH OTHER RATHER COOL



## ALONG THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

I've just come from one of the 46th Street hush-houses after exercising my elbows with Jack Lait, one of the stem's veterans, who hypnotized me with tales of people he knew "when." Perhaps the most arresting gab concerned Anna Held, Jr., whose immortal mater must have been a grand person—to hear Lait unfold it. The lassie's tag, in case you didn't know, is Liane Carrera, and she has been toying around with the theatrical producing racket with so-so luck. At any rate, the Stem is rooting for the kid to click and when the locals give anybody a boost, Willard, it's a safe wager that that person is not an "n.g.g.," which is Broadwayese for "no good guy."

Liane is the only child of Anna Held's only marriage, to a South American millionaire. She was born in that allegedly dear old Paree, the year Dewey took Manila. Her mother died of a broken heart in the Netherlands Hotel here. Hating men, she left her estate so tied up that no two-timer could take advantage of her kid long, high or often. The pay-off was fixed at wide intervals.

So the gal became a Hammerstein "freak" act, and for a spell attracted pretty good jack, but it wasn't steady. She dwelt on the farm that her mamma left her up near Peekskill (Liane's dialect calls it "Peeskeel") and now and then she took down a little bundle. Lately, however, the prime securities, realties, and other hereditaments swelled so greatly in value by prosperity's accretion that her most recent installment was a handout which took two men to lift.

Always artistic, she returned to the theater. Suspicious of guys by heritage, she decided to roll her own productions. So she opened a piece called "Restless Women," a subject on which she can qualify as an expert. The show "laid an egg," however, and she is to try again with a revue labeled "The Theatrical Digest of 1928" (awful title) soon. She drives, or is driven, about in a Lincoln.

She loves her farm, Broadway, nice furs—and a woman who runs a boarding house, because that woman was always kind to her mother whether she had it or not. Her other pashes include the Brooklyn Bridge, her oo-la-la pearls, osteopaths in crises and a hundred photos of her enshrined mammy, most of which are displayed in her home.

She hates a lot of pills who weren't nice to the adorable, unforgettable Anna; men who took advantage of her own foreignness, ingenuousness and inexperience—snoopers and spurious friends. She has a few airtight protectors (one is Lait) who can't forget What, Who and How her mother was, and who have learned to kind o' fancy the kid, also. I hope all of this gives you an idea of the wealth Liane inherited. You're rich no end, Willard, when the "mob" goes for you in a Big Way on this canyon, which, if I had my own way, would be named "Two-Time Square."

The night clubs are still hollering "Uncle!" Most of the smarter places are so sensitive about the lack of business that

they are making their revue entertainers occupy tables between performances to give the joint some tone. I have heard some swell tunes, however. "Sweet Sue" isn't new but it serves to keep you cool and get you "hot." Then there is "The Lowdown," a sizzling and contagious stomp from the "Black Birds" revue, and "Meditation" is a lift from one of the old masters, but it is oke.

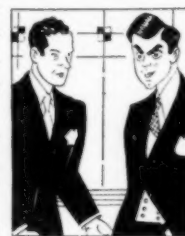
The current nifty concerns Eddie Cantor, who kept George Jessel waiting for over two hours on a corner. When Cantor finally arrived on the scene Jessel ejaculated: "Good heavens! Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry," apologized Cantor, "but I ran into Mayor Walker."

"Oh, yes?" chirped Jessel. "What's he doin' in town?"

Incidentally the revised adage now goes: "Early to bed and early to rise and you'll never be Mayor of New York."

Walter Winchell.



## IN THE FLEA CIRCUS

In amazement I watched the trained flea do his stunts.

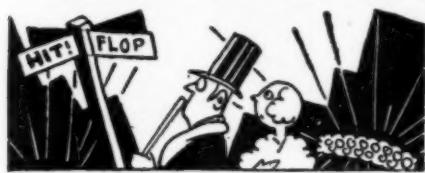
"Did you educate that flea yourself?" I asked the man.

"Yes," he replied proudly, "I raised him from a pup."



THE STEAM SHOVELER'S LUNCH HOUR

## THE SILENT DRAMA



### "The Sex Life of the Polyp"

ROBERT BENCHLEY's second Movietone epic, "The Sex Life of the Polyp," is considerably funnier than "The Treasurer's Report," and the Movietone recording of it is much better, as to both sounds and pictures.

Mr. Benchley seems to be all set now as a vocal film star, but I hope the money and fame won't go to his head. There are plenty of good actors in this world, but all too few good dramatic critics.

It is significant that none of the established comedians has appeared to advantage in recent Movietone and Vitaphone pictures. One of the greatest of them all, Chic Sale, is painfully unfunny; Clark and McCullough are worse; Joe Cook, Will Mahoney, Willie Howard and other experts fall comparatively flat.

That real comedy is possible in the talking movies has been proved by the Benchley releases, and by certain portions of Harry Delf's "The Family Picnic." Oddly enough, it is the quieter and less strenuous form of humor that seems to go best in the talkies; the old heavy-handed gags, so effective in the silent drama, are ruined when the thwack of the slapstick becomes audible.

### "Sound" Pictures

ALL the crooks and gyp-artists aren't to be found in the Underworld, which has been exposed in so many recent pictures; there are plenty of them in Hollywood itself, and they are now trying to strengthen weak films by the addition of phony sound effects.

"Abie's Irish Rose," being a terrible flop as a movie, was withdrawn from the screen, and a special "synchronization" is being tacked on with a view to forcing the film down the public's throat.

The same trick has been tried with "The King of Kings" (of all pictures), "Lilac Time," "The Wedding March" and various others which were made as silent films, and which can only be marred by the addition of a lot of extraneous noise.

THE Fox officials found themselves with a record of Arctic exploration entitled,

"Lost in the Arctic," and the Metro-Goldwyn officials had on hand a semi-dramatic production entitled, "White Shadows in the South Seas." Both of these pictures were interesting in their original form, and needed no mechanical accessories.

Neither of them, however, appeared to possess any great degree of box-office pulling power, so both were dragged into the laboratory and subjected to the brutal process of "synchronization." With the result that we see some fine photography in each, and hear, at the same time, the obviously artificial roaring of walruses, gleeping of turtles, cawing of sea-gulls, and squealing and cooing of nude South Sea maidens as they plunge into the rattling surf.

It was Will Shakespeare who wrote the first review of a "sound" picture when he said, "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

### "Beau Broadway"

LEW CODY, Aileen Pringle and Sue Carroll (that wide-eyed miss) acted in "Beau Broadway," and Malcolm St. Clair directed it. They probably devoted several weeks of time to their respective tasks. But if you were to meet any one of them on the street, and ask him or her (depending on the sex of the questionee) just what "Beau Broadway" was all about, he or she would undoubtedly deny the existence of any such picture.



PROFESSOR: Yes, I've given my life to the study of dialectics.

DUMB DORA: Oo-o, lemme hear you imitate Milt Gross.

As one who saw "Beau Broadway" only last night, I can't remember anything about it except that Miss Carroll looked very nice, and I knew that anyway.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments, a guide to current moving pictures, will be found on page 24.



"Oh, daddy! Look at the fish that has caught me!"





## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

### Drama

#### More or Less Serious

**Coquette.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Showing, in poignant fashion, that both young love and chivalry can be carried too far. Helen Hayes gives it great distinction.

**Diamond Lil.** *Royale*—This melodrama is so ham that it has achieved a reputation as great entertainment. Mae West, its author and star, also takes it seriously.

**Elmer Gantry.** *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Ladder.** *Cort*—Seats may now be bought for this attraction at regular box-office prices, instead of for nothing as heretofore. And still something seems to be lacking—notably audiences.

**Porgy.** *Republic*—A panorama of Negro life in a Southern city. One of the year's notable productions.

**The Silent House.** *Shubert*—What with wicked Chinamen and benevolent Chinamen and poison gas and daggers, one doesn't know what to think.

**Strange Interlude.** *John Golden*—A great play for the women-folk.

**Trapped.** *Forrest*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Trial of Mary Dugan.** *Sam H. Harris*—As good a murder trial as you will ever sit through—we hope.

#### Comedy and Things Like That

**The Bachelor Father.** *Belasco*—Old Home Week for bastards in an English country-house, with entertaining dialogue resulting. June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

**The Front Page.** *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

**The Lawyers' Dilemma.** *Wallack's*—Nothing at all.

**The Royal Family.** *Selwyn*—Highly amusing caricature of a family of theatrical stars. The outstanding comedy of the old season.

**Skidding.** *Bijou*—Number 33,955 in the series of small-town comedies of home-life.

**The Song Writer.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Volpone.** *Guild*—A fairly ribald and very Renaissance farce, the chief justification of which is the Theater Guild's sumptuous production.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Black Birds of 1928.** *Liberty*—A swell show, full of amazing colored performers.

**A Connecticut Yankee.** *Vanderbilt*—Still delightful music, with William Gaxton leading in the wisecracks.

**Good News.** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Fast collegiate stuff, which has set the pace for a whole year.

**Grand Street Follies.** *Booth*—If you like to see famous stars imitated to perfection, you can't go wrong on this.

**Present Arms!** *Mansfield*—Charles King and his buddies in the Marines making merry to music. Joyce Barbour lends the necessary feminine touch.

**Rain or Shine.** *Cohan*—At one point in this show of Joe Cook's you will hear the loudest laughter you have ever heard from an audience.

**Rosalie.** *New Amsterdam*—A beautiful production which has Jack Donahue to make it amusing and Marilyn Miller to dress up as a West Point cadet.

**Scandals of 1928.** *Apollo*—An all-around good revue with a cast including Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

**Show Boat.** *Ziegfeld*—Something to see, Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, and Norma Terris.

**The Three Musketeers.** *Lyric*—Romantic musical comedy at its best, with Dennis King as the handsome hero.

**Vanities of 1928.** *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed next week.

Robert Benchley.

### Silent Drama

#### Recent Developments

**Warming Up.** *Paramount*—This time it's Richard Dix who pitches the Yankees to victory in the last game of the World Series. It is an entertaining picture, marred by some highly ineffective attempts at sound synchronization.

**Forbidden Hours.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramón Novarro as a much too kittenish king who falls in love with an equally playful French girl. You can afford to miss this one.

**Lights of New York.** *Warner Bros.*—As a specimen of moving picture art, it is terrible; but as the first full-length talkie, it is extremely interesting.

**Telling the World.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—The type of romantic farce that used to flourish in the early Fairbanks-Reid days, with William Haines in his standard rôle.

**The Racket.** *Paramount*—Crime and politics (the eternal twins) ably and boldly exposed, by Thomas Meighan, Louis Wolheim, Marie Prevost, Lewis Milestone and others.

**The Lion and the Mouse.** *Warner Bros.*—One of the early half-silent, half-talkie dramas, in which Lionel Barrymore's voice is just about the only attraction.

**Wheel of Chance.** *First National*—A fine performance by Richard Barthelmess in one of the best pictures he has recently had.

**The Cossacks.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—John Gilbert tries just a bit too hard to be gay and dashing.

**The Street of Sin.** *Paramount*—The powerful Emil Jannings in a crook drama that, for the most part, is worthy of him.

**Laugh, Clown, Laugh.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Just plain ham.

**Fazil.** *Fox*—Let this be a lesson to you, girls—and the next time a big, dusky sheik offers you marriage, tell him to go cook a radish.

**The Magnificent Flirt.** *Paramount*—Florence Vidor is very beautiful, and she receives able assistance from Albert Conti—but what of it?

**The Drag Net.** *Paramount*—Another venture into the crime belt by the makers of "Underworld," and one which may be compared favorably with their previous sterling effort.

**Ramona.** *United Artists*—The "next number" on every radio program.

**Hit of the Show.** *F. R. O.*—Another clown-whose-heart-is-breaking-beneath-the-painted-smile drama, with good work by a comedian named Joe E. Brown. The hero's death is very pathetic.

**The Actress.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Norma Shearer in the film version of "Trelawney of the 'Wells,'" and very nice it is, too.

**Ladies of the Mob.** *Paramount*—The first chance we have had in years to get a really good look at Clara Bow's face.

**Street Angel.** *Fox*—Romantic, sentimental and dull.

**The Big Killing.** *Paramount*—I hope that Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton will do a lot better separately than they did as a pair.

**Mother Machree.** *Fox*—Belle Bennett finds it impossible to be obvious, even as *Mother Machree*.

**The Trail of '98.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—An exciting epic of the gold rush which degenerates into a foolish melodrama.

**Uncle Tom's Cabin.** *Universal*—How long has this been going on?

**Tempest.** *United Artists*; **The Man Who Laughs.** *Universal*; **The End of St. Petersburg.** *Hammerstein*; **Sunrise.** *Fox*, and **Wings.** *Paramount*—These are all exceptionally good.

**White Shadows in the South Seas.** *Metro-Goldwyn*; **The Sex Life of the Polyp.** *Fox*; **Lost in the Arctic.** *Fox*, and **Beau Broadway.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

### Reading Matters

#### Fact

**Adventures of an African Slaver.** Edited by Malcolm Cowley. *Albert & Charles Boni*—The cold-blooded reminiscences of Theodore Canot, Slaver, are given added color by the superlative illustrations of Señor Covarrubias.

**The Balloon Buster.** By Norman S. Hall. *Double-day, Doran*—The biography of Frank Luke, war flier, is as full of excitement, high feeling, and tragedy as was his life.

**The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.** By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*—By now, this is probably a big thing in the women's clubs, which is too bad, as it is swell reading despite a silly title. P.S.—That word "Intelligent" is going to make it hard for a lot of husbands of ladies with glasses on a string.

#### Fiction

**Show Girl.** By J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—Mr. McEvoy, who is an old greeting-card and theatrical producer himself, has taken the very raw materials of Broadway and pasted them up into a magnificent, if slightly mechanical, satire of the Way Things Are in the Big City. Students of Prof. Winchell will love this.

**Swan Song.** By John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—The solid and penetrating saga of the Forsytes ends all too abruptly, like good music suddenly stilled. Read first "Two Forsyte Interludes," which help to bridge the gap between "The Silver Spoon" and "Swan Song."

**Jerome; or, The Latitude of Love.** By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—We can't say too much in praise of this lightly risqué story of a warm-blooded Frenchman in Norway.

**War Among Ladies.** By Eleanor Scott. *Little, Brown*—The hopeless outlook of the teachers in an English girls' school makes good, if tragic, reading.

**The Black Heart.** By Sydney Horler. *Double-day, Doran*—Another blank cartridge. If something isn't done about the preposterous, artificial, and altogether unbelievable misfires masquerading under the alias of mystery and thriller, we're going to stop reading them—even for review. And what's more, the next time we see an idle young Englishman in the first ten pages, we'll shoot to kill, and it won't be with blanks, either.

**The Man in the Shadows.** By Carroll John Daly. *Clode*—And as we were saying, there must be plenty of good plots and real characters in the nearest police station filing case.

**The Six Proud Walkers.** By Francis Beeding. *Little, Brown*—... without dragging in Scotland Yard, or a passerby who happens to be a Secret Service man.

**Scissors Cut Paper.** By Gerard Fairlie. *Little, Brown*—... or handing out a lot of boloney about death-rays.

#### And Also

**The Battle of the Horizons.** By Sylvia Thompson. *The Window.* By Alice Grant Rosman. *Pilgrims of the Impossible.* By Coningsby Dawson. *Quiet Cities.* By Joseph Hergesheimer. *Houdini: His Life Story.* By Harold Kellock. *Sunset Gun.* By Dorothy Parker. *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.* By Anita Loos. *The Virgin Queene.* By Harford Powel, Jr. *Bad Girl.* By Vida Delmar.

Perry Githens.



# CREATIONS OF COTY

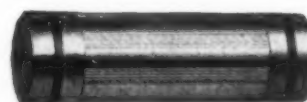
THE BEAUTY TRIO FOR  
EVERY WELL-FITTED HANDBAG  
TO MAINTAIN THE SMART  
LOOK OF CONSTANT  
FRESHNESS



**POUDRE COMPACTE**  
*In the distinctive  
Coty shades and odours.*  
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.



**COTY ROUGES**  
*In the new East Indian box. Bright  
No. 64, Light No. 72, Medium No. 68,  
Dark No. 76 and Invisible No. 80*  
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.



**OLYMPIC LIPSTICK**  
*The new double size, in five radiant shades  
for the glamorous accent of colour.*  
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.

now all he needs is a good backfield and a couple of ends.

✎ Your corr. is vacationing at Victoria, B. C., where subscription renewals, complimentary tickets and demands for retractions will reach him.

\*\*\*Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood are visiting Glacier Park with Percy Grainger and bride. We understood Mr. Grainger to say he was in the piano business.

\*\*\*The days are getting shorter.

\*\*\*George Fuller, our efficient librarian, has written a history of the Pacific Northwest, and has got the footnote habit so bad that he puts them in his letters.

\*\*\*Passenger planes are flying daily between here and Portland, Ore. They are equipped with pontoons for landing at the Webfoot metropolis. Guess that will hold Dean Collins for awhile.

*Stoddard King.*

### Kansas City

ONE of our genial grocery boys had a coyote bite him on East Twelfth Street the other day. The groceries were delivered next day.

\*\*\*There was a serious case of bathtub slipping in our town Saturday night. The victim is carrying his arm in a sling, owing to having run same through the window by the tub when he slipped.

\*\*\*Mrs. Schumann-Heink, veteran operatic alto, who gave lessons in our town this summer, says she is coming back for same next year.

\*\*\*Editor Bill White of our thriving metropolis on the west, Emporia, is mixing business and pleasure in Europe this summer, accompanied by the wife.

✎ Marshal and Chief Night Watchman Link Towne would appreciate your vote for sheriff.

*Clad H. Thompson.*

### Ottawa

ERNEST LAPOINTE, the well-known Minister of Justice's wife is back from England where she met her daughter Odette and the King.

\*\*\*Colonel and Mrs. Jimmie Woods, Elbert Soper and wife, the Tommy Gormans, Norman Smiths and a lot of others are amongst those who have plenty of uncashed *pari-mutuel* tickets left over from the fall meet at Connaught Park.

\*\*\*Lindsay Gordon is back to his job of wing commanding for the Air Force, following a recent visit to the Thousand Islands with his Commander-in-Chief, Mrs. Lindsay Gordon.

✎ The rock drills which formerly ran all night outside our bedroom window at the Chateau Laurier have been supplanted by riveting machines.—*Advt.*

\*\*\*Plans to make our community the City Beautiful and fully worthy of the two quart hats which a national capital naturally attracts are going ahead, as Premier King says, "apace." Even Federal District Commissioner Tom Ahearn has caught the spirit and is hoarding packets of seeds against next spring.

\*\*\*Attendance at the Post Graduate School of Draw and Stud in the Laurentian Club has been light of late weeks, due to the fact that most of the students are taking extra-mural courses during the summer months.

*Leslie Roberts.*

### Cincinnati

A MAN was seen registering for the presidential election the other day.

\*\*\*Pearl Besuner and Grace Divine have obtained responsible positions with the Metropolitan Opera Co. Congrats, girls, and listen, be kind to those opera singers, for an opera singer never forgets, we hear.

\*\*\*H. C. Blackwell, Pres. of our C. of C., is getting up a club known as the Society of Ex-Cincinnatians, which will be nationwide in scope and democratic. All you will have to do to get in is leave town.

\*\*\*Dorothy Ellin, who acted in a Gotham drama called "The Squall," visited the home folks recently and it rained and thundered here so much that it was all Dot could do to keep from going into the big passion scene.

\*\*\*Instead of sending their straw hats to the cleaner's, some of our citizens are cleaning them themselves, which is all right, say we, there being enough bootleg gin hereabouts for all purposes.

\*\*\*Myers Y. Cooper is running for Gov. again and is speechifying all over the state. Some folks say My should keep a stiff upper lip and some say both upper and lower.

*Tupper Greenwald.*

### Milwaukee

WALT BELSON, the jolly trade news bureau man, bought a nobby two-pants suit here last week, but he was only wearing one pair of same when we met him yesterday.

\*\*\*Ted Carpenter, well-known publicity man, let out another notch in his belt the other day, it being the third notch this year. Too much hasenpfeffer and wiener schnitzel, is our guess.

\*\*\*Stewart Johnston, of Johnston's chocolates fame, mixed up a dandy batch of assorted hard centers out to the plant yesterday. Better keep them in your cellar next to that other stuff, Stewie!

\*\*\*Dr. Charles Albright, of here, still holds his title as the world's champion life insurance salesman. Last year Charlie sold \$2,832,500 worth, including a little to some of his former patients of the days when he was a medico, twenty-two years ago.

*Jan Hartnett.*

### Omaha

JOHN GILCHRIST is in Scotland, concluding a deal for a dozen golf balls.

\*\*\*Now that we have overnight air mail to New York, NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS from here will be fresher than ever, is our aim.

\*\*\*Walter Head has returned from a month at his farm and gone to Alaska for six weeks. Walter must be in pretty good at the Omaha National.

\*\*\*Henry Allen, late of Wichita, Kans., is a new member of the Chamber of Commerce, Ad-Sell League, Ak-Sar-Ben, Country and Hoover-for-President Clubs.

\*\*\*Jack Shannahan, formerly of Newport News, Va., is making people love the street railway but not so many ride as Jack would like. Our hint is, let the passengers drive the trams and have parking places to hunt for.

✎ Miss Edith Tobitt, at the Library, where Jim Tully got the notion to write, has some new books in, including one by Jim.

*B. F. Sylvester.*

### Saratoga Springs

ADDISON (AD) KELLY, former football star (Princeton 1896), at present popular broker, is a great shouter for Saratoga as a health resort. Keep up the good work, "Ad."

\*\*\*Any number of prominent Blind-folded Cigarette Identifiers and Indorsers are seen daily at the track, most of whom are usually smoking brands probably identified by them.

\*\*\*The popular Billy Hitts of Middleburg, Va., are once again cottaging at the Springs for the season. Both are enthusiastic devotees of the Sport of Kings and Ye Ed hopes to see their colors flash down in front before the meeting ends.

✎ A well-known owner of racers, who is a bit hard of hearing, while attending a c—kt—I party recently was asked,



"What are your racing colors?" To which question the w.k.o. it is reported replied, "Oh, just gin and Italian Vermouth."

\*\*\*Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt and Mrs. Margaret Emerson Baker, owners respectively of the Fair Stable and the Sagamore Stable, are rubbing elbows in adjoining boxes in the Club House enclosure.

\*\*\*The Commanders and the California Humming Birds are the features at the Lido Venice, the Spa's Night Club de Luxe.

\*\*\*For a fee of fifteen cents visitors may enter the City Casino—formerly Richard Canfield's Palace of Chance—and inspect the famous carpet that still covers the floor of what once was the gaming room. The cover charge also entitles the caller to one pint of Saratoga's state-owned table waters.

Clarence H. Knapp.

## New York

BOTH local baseball clubs are doing grandly at this writing.

\*\*\*Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Brooks are going to Europe next month, but nearly everybody else will be back home by that time.

\*\*\*Charley Schwartz is up at Saratoga for the races. Chas. is known as the king of sports and it is apropos that he should be interested in the sport of kings, as horse-racing is popularly called.

✱ Work has begun on the new bank bldg. near the depot.

\*\*\*Will Durant and J. P. McEvoy were pitching horseshoes up at Bye-Bye, Conn., the other day. J. P. is one of the old-fashioned boys who wears a vest and suspenders on the hottest days.

\*\*\*Looks like we were in for another torrid spell.

\*\*\*The town is full of visitors from the West and South buying things for the Xmas trade in their stores. Not to put too fine a point on it, most of these boys act different from how they will vote.

\*\*\*Milt Livingston, the genial baker, has been way out West on a pleasure trip. He certainly escaped some baking weather here, is how one of his anonymous friends put it.

\*\*\*This is a funny country. Everybody we know says he or she is going to vote for Smith but that Hoover will be elected. If Hoover is elected Bill Irwin and Geo. Barr Baker will probably both turn down cabinet portfolios, especially Bill.

Franklin P. Adams.



AFTER THE DIVORCE

MOVIE STAR: I've decided to demand a new trial.

INTERVIEWER: But why? You won the case.

STAR: I know—But I wasn't satisfied with the publicity.

## Ad Infinitum

THREE years ago he started manufacturing in his spare time in his cellar.

Two years ago he built a factory and employed over two hundred persons.

Last year he owned five factories and

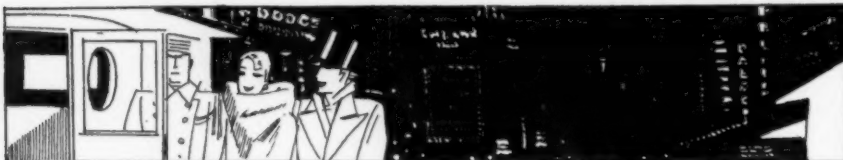
had twenty-five thousand wage-earners on his payroll.

Today, with twice as many factories and three times as many employees, he cannot meet the demand for his product.

He manufactures "No Parking" signs.



DAD HITCHES THE FAVORITE NECKING LOUNGE TO THE FRIGIDAIRE AND THE YOUNG THINGS FIND EACH OTHER RATHER COOL



## ALONG THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

I've just come from one of the 46th Street hush-houses after exercising my elbows with Jack Lait, one of the stem's veterans, who hypnotized me with tales of people he knew "when." Perhaps the most arresting gab concerned Anna Held, Jr., whose immortal mater must have been a grand person—to hear Lait unfold it. The lassie's tag, in case you didn't know, is Liane Carrera, and she has been toying around with the theatrical producing racket with so-so luck. At any rate, the Stem is rooting for the kid to click and when the locals give anybody a boost, Willard, it's a safe wager that that person is not an "n.g.g.," which is Broadwayese for "no good guy."

Liane is the only child of Anna Held's only marriage, to a South American millionaire. She was born in that allegedly dear old Paree, the year Dewey took Manila. Her mother died of a broken heart in the Netherlands Hotel here. Hating men, she left her estate so tied up that no two-timer could take advantage of her kid long, high or often. The pay-off was fixed at wide intervals.

So the gal became a Hammerstein "freak" act, and for a spell attracted pretty good jack, but it wasn't steady. She dwelt on the farm that her mamma left her up near Peekskill (Liane's dialect calls it "Peeskeel") and now and then she took down a little bundle. Lately, however, the prime securities, realties, and other hereditaments swelled so greatly in value by prosperity's accretion that her most recent installment was a handout which took two men to lift.

Always artistic, she returned to the theater. Suspicious of guys by heritage, she decided to roll her own productions. So she opened a piece called "Restless Women," a subject on which she can qualify as an expert. The show "laid an egg," however, and she is to try again with a revue labeled "The Theatrical Digest of 1928" (awful title) soon. She drives, or is driven, about in a Lincoln.

She loves her farm, Broadway, nice furs—and a woman who runs a boarding house, because that woman was always kind to her mother whether she had it or not. Her other pashes include the Brooklyn Bridge, her oo-la-la pearls, osteopaths in crises and a hundred photos of her enshrined mammy, most of which are displayed in her home.

She hates a lot of pills who weren't nice to the adorable, unforgettable Anna; men who took advantage of her own foreignness, ingenuousness and inexperience—snoopers and spurious friends. She has a few airtight protectors (one is Lait) who can't forget What, Who and How her mother was, and who have learned to kind o' fancy the kid, also. I hope all of this gives you an idea of the wealth Liane inherited. You're rich no end, Willard, when the "mob" goes for you in a Big Way on this canyon, which, if I had my own way, would be named "Two-Time Square."

The night clubs are still hollering "Uncle!" Most of the smarter places are so sensitive about the lack of business that

they are making their revue entertainers occupy tables between performances to give the joint some tone. I have heard some swell tunes, however. "Sweet Sue" isn't new but it serves to keep you cool and get you "hot." Then there is "The Lowdown," a sizzling and contagious stomp from the "Black Birds" revue, and "Meditation" is a lift from one of the old masters, but it is oke.

The current nifty concerns Eddie Cantor, who kept George Jessel waiting for over two hours on a corner. When Cantor finally arrived on the scene Jessel ejaculated: "Good heavens! Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry," apologized Cantor, "but I ran into Mayor Walker."

"Oh, yes?" chirped Jessel. "What's he doin' in town?"

Incidentally the revised adage now goes: "Early to bed and early to rise and you'll never be Mayor of New York."

Walter Winchell.



## IN THE FLEA CIRCUS

In amazement I watched the trained flea do his stunts.

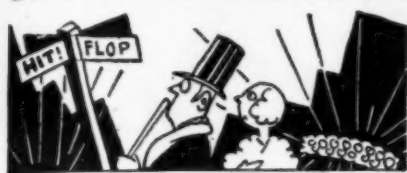
"Did you educate that flea yourself?" I asked the man.

"Yes," he replied proudly, "I raised him from a pup."



THE STEAM SHOVELER'S LUNCH HOUR

## THE SILENT DRAMA



### "The Sex Life of the Polyp"

ROBERT BENCHLEY's second Movietone epic, "The Sex Life of the Polyp," is considerably funnier than "The Treasurer's Report," and the Movietone recording of it is much better, as to both sounds and pictures.

Mr. Benchley seems to be all set now as a vocal film star, but I hope the money and fame won't go to his head. There are plenty of good actors in this world, but all too few good dramatic critics.

It is significant that none of the established comedians has appeared to advantage in recent Movietone and Vitaphone pictures. One of the greatest of them all, Chic Sale, is painfully unfunny; Clark and McCullough are worse; Joe Cook, Will Mahoney, Willie Howard and other experts fall comparatively flat.

That real comedy is possible in the talking movies has been proved by the Benchley releases, and by certain portions of Harry Delf's "The Family Picnic." Oddly enough, it is the quieter and less strenuous form of humor that seems to go best in the talkies; the old heavy-handed gags, so effective in the silent drama, are ruined when the thwack of the slapstick becomes audible.

### "Sound" Pictures

ALL the crooks and gyp-artists aren't to be found in the Underworld, which has been exposed in so many recent pictures; there are plenty of them in Hollywood itself, and they are now trying to strengthen weak films by the addition of phony sound effects.

"Abie's Irish Rose," being a terrible flop as a movie, was withdrawn from the screen, and a special "synchronization" is being tacked on with a view to forcing the film down the public's throat.

The same trick has been tried with "The King of Kings" (of all pictures), "Lilac Time," "The Wedding March" and various others which were made as silent films, and which can only be marred by the addition of a lot of extraneous noise.

THE Fox officials found themselves with a record of Arctic exploration entitled,

"Lost in the Arctic," and the Metro-Goldwyn officials had on hand a semi-dramatic production entitled, "White Shadows in the South Seas." Both of these pictures were interesting in their original form, and needed no mechanical accessories.

Neither of them, however, appeared to possess any great degree of box-office pulling power, so both were dragged into the laboratory and subjected to the brutal process of "synchronization." With the result that we see some fine photography in each, and hear, at the same time, the obviously artificial roaring of walrus, gleeping of turtles, cawing of sea-gulls, and squealing and cooing of nude South Sea maidens as they plunge into the rattling surf.

It was Will Shakespeare who wrote the first review of a "sound" picture when he said, "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

### "Beau Broadway"

LEW CODY, Aileen Pringle and Sue Carroll (that wide-eyed miss) acted in "Beau Broadway," and Malcolm St. Clair directed it. They probably devoted several weeks of time to their respective tasks. But if you were to meet any one of them on the street, and ask him or her (depending on the sex of the questionee) just what "Beau Broadway" was all about, he or she would undoubtedly deny the existence of any such picture.



PROFESSOR: Yes, I've given my life to the study of dialectics.

DUMB DORA: Oo-o, lemme hear you imitate Milt Gross.

As one who saw "Beau Broadway" only last night, I can't remember anything about it except that Miss Carroll looked very nice, and I knew that anyway.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments, a guide to current moving pictures, will be found on page 24.



"Oh, daddy! Look at the fish that has caught me!"





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**Diamond Lil.** *Royale*—This melodrama is so ham that it has achieved a reputation as great entertainment. Mae West, its author and star, also takes it seriously.

**Elmer Gantry.** *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Ladder.** *Cort*—Seats may now be bought for this attraction at regular box-office prices, instead of for nothing as heretofore. And still something seems to be lacking—notably audiences.

**Porgy.** *Republic*—A panorama of Negro life in a Southern city. One of the year's notable productions.

**The Silent House.** *Shubert*—What with wicked Chinamen and benevolent Chinamen and poison gas and daggers, one doesn't know what to think.

**Strange Interlude.** *John Golden*—A great play for the women-folk.

**Trapped.** *Forrest*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Trial of Mary Dugan.** *Sam H. Harris*—As good a murder trial as you will ever sit through—we hope.

#### Comedy and Things Like That

**The Bachelor Father.** *Belasco*—Old Home Week for Bastards in an English country-house, with entertaining dialogue resulting. June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

**The Front Page.** *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

**The Lawyers' Dilemma.** *Wallack's*—Nothing at all.

**The Royal Family.** *Selwyn*—Highly amusing caricature of a family of theatrical stars. The outstanding comedy of the old season.

**Skidding.** *Bijou*—Number 35,955 in the series of small-town comedies of home-life.

**The Song Writer.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Volpone.** *Guild*—A fairly ribald and very Renaissance farce, the chief justification of which is the Theater Guild's sumptuous production.

#### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Black Birds of 1928.** *Liberty*—A swell show, full of amazing colored performers.

**A Connecticut Yankee.** *Vanderbilt*—Still delightful music, with William Gaxton leading in the wise-cracks.

**Good News.** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Fast collegiate stuff, which has set the pace for a whole year.

**Grand Street Follies.** *Booth*—If you like to see famous stars imitated to perfection, you can't go wrong on this.

**Present Arms!** *Mansfield*—Charles King and his buddies in the Marines making merry to music. Joyce Barbour lends the necessary feminine touch.

**Rain or Shine.** *Cohan*—At one point in this show of Joe Cook's you will hear the loudest laughter you have ever heard from an audience.

**Rosalie.** *New Amsterdam*—A beautiful production which has Jack Donahue to make it amusing and Marilyn Miller to dress up as a West Point cadet.

**Scandals of 1928.** *Apollo*—An all-around good revue with a cast including Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

**Show Boat.** *Ziegfeld*—Something to see. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, and Norma Terris.

**The Three Musketeers.** *Lyric*—Romantic musical comedy at its best, with Dennis King as the handsome hero.

**Vanities of 1928.** *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed next week.

Robert Benchley.

### Silent Drama

#### Recent Developments

**Warming Up.** *Paramount*—This time it's Richard Dix who pitches the Yankees to victory in the last game of the World Series. It is an entertaining picture, marred by some highly ineffective attempts at sound synchronization.

**Forbidden Hours.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramón Novarro as a much too kittenish king who falls in love with an equally playful French girl. You can afford to miss this one.

**Lights of New York.** *Warner Bros.*—As a specimen of moving picture art, it is terrible; but as the first full-length talkie, it is extremely interesting.

**Telling the World.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—The type of romantic farce that used to flourish in the early Fairbanks-Reid days, with William Haines in his standard rôle.

**The Racket.** *Paramount*—Crime and politics (the eternal twins) ably and boldly exposed, by Thomas Meighan, Louis Wolheim, Marie Prevost, Lewis Milestone and others.

**The Lion and the Mouse.** *Warner Bros.*—One of the early half-silent, half-talkie dramas, in which Lionel Barrymore's voice is just about the only attraction.

**Wheel of Chance.** *First National*—A fine performance by Richard Barthelmess in one of the best pictures he has recently had.

**The Cossacks.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—John Gilbert tries just a bit too hard to be gay and dashing.

**The Street of Sin.** *Paramount*—The powerful Emil Jannings in a crook drama that, for the most part, is worthy of him.

**Laugh, Clown, Laugh.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Just plain ham.

**Fazil.** *Fox*—Let this be a lesson to you, girls—and the next time a big, dusky sheik offers you marriage, tell him to go cook a radish.

**The Magnificent Flirt.** *Paramount*—Florence Vidor is very beautiful, and she receives able assistance from Albert Conti—but what of it?

**The Drag Net.** *Paramount*—Another venture into the crime belt by the makers of "Underworld," and one which may be compared favorably with their previous sterling effort.

**Ramona.** *United Artists*—The "next number" on every radio program.

**Hit of the Show.** *F. R. O.*—Another clown-whose-heart-is-breaking-beneath-the-painted-smile drama, with good work by a comedian named Joe E. Brown. The hero's death is very pathetic.

**The Actress.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Norma Shearer in the film version of "Trelawney of the 'Wells,'" and very nice it is, too.

**Ladies of the Mob.** *Paramount*—The first chance we have had in years to get a really good look at Clara Bow's face.

**Street Angel.** *Fox*—Romantic, sentimental and dull.

**The Big Killing.** *Paramount*—I hope that Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton will do a lot better separately than they did as a pair.

**Mother Machree.** *Fox*—Belle Bennett finds it impossible to be obvious, even as *Mother Machree*.

**The Trail of '98.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—An exciting epic of the gold rush which degenerates into a foolish melodrama.

**Uncle Tom's Cabin.** *Universal*—How long has this been going on?

**Tempest, United Artists; The Man Who Laughs, Universal; The End of St. Petersburg, Hammerstein; Sunrise, Fox, and Wings, Paramount**—These are all exceptionally good.

**White Shadows in the South Seas, Metro-Goldwyn; The Sex Life of the Polyp, Fox; Lost in the Arctic, Fox, and Beau Broadway, Metro-Goldwyn**—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

### Reading Matters

#### Fact

**Adventures of an African Slaver.** Edited by Malcolm Cowley. *Albert & Charles Boni*—The cold-blooded reminiscences of Theodore Canot, Slaver, are given added color by the superlative illustrations of Señor Covarrubias.

**The Balloon Buster.** By Norman S. Hall. *Double-day, Doran*—The biography of Frank Luke, war fier, is as full of excitement, high feeling, and tragedy as was his life.

**The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.** By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*—By now, this is probably a big thing in the women's clubs, which is too bad, as it is swell reading despite a silly title. *P.S.*—That word "Intelligent" is going to make it hard for a lot of husbands of ladies with glasses on a string.

#### Fiction

**Show Girl.** By J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—Mr. McEvoy, who is an old greeting-card and theatrical producer himself, has taken the very raw materials of Broadway and pasted them up into a magnificent, if slightly mechanical, satire of the Way Things Are in the Big City. Students of Prof. Winchell will love this.

**Swan Song.** By John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—The solid and penetrating saga of the Forsytes ends all too abruptly, like good music suddenly stilled. Read first "Two Forsyte Interludes," which help to bridge the gap between "The Silver Spoon" and "Swan Song."

**Jerome, or, The Latitude of Love.** By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—We can't say too much in praise of this lightly risqué story of a warm-blooded Frenchman in Norway.

**War Among Ladies.** By Eleanor Scott. *Little, Brown*—The hopeless outlook of the teachers in an English girls' school makes good, if tragic, reading.

**The Black Heart.** By Sydney Horler. *Double-day, Doran*—Another blank cartridge. If something isn't done about the preposterous, artificial, and altogether unbelievable misfires masquerading under the alias of mystery and thriller, we're going to stop reading them—even for review. And what's more, the next time we see an idle young Englishman in the first ten pages, we'll shoot to kill, and it won't be with blanks, either.

**The Man in the Shadows.** By Carroll John Daly. *Clode*—And as we were saying, there must be plenty of good plots and real characters in the nearest police station filing case.

**The Six Proud Walkers.** By Francis Beeding. *Little, Brown*—... without dragging in Scotland Yard, or a passerby who happens to be a Secret Service man.

**Scissors Cut Paper.** By Gerard Fairlie. *Little, Brown*—... or handing out a lot of boloney about death-rays.

#### And Also

**The Battle of the Horizons.** By Sylvia Thompson. **The Window.** By Alice Grant Rosman. **Pilgrims of the Impossible.** By Coningsby Dawson. **Quiet Cities.** By Joseph Hergesheimer. **Houdini: His Life Story.** By Harold Kello. **Sunset Gun.** By Dorothy Parker. **But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.** By Anita Loos. **The Virgin Queen.** By Harford Powel, Jr. **Bad Girl.** By Vina Delmar.

Perry Githens.



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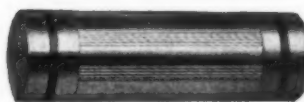
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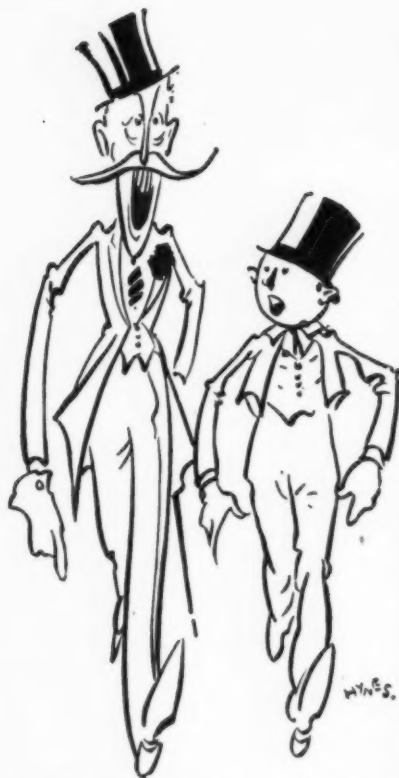


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"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



FATHER: I'm worried about your sister. Her voice is really quite charming, but somehow it never seems to blend well with piano accompaniments.

TOMMY: Why not try the bagpipes?  
—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (LONDON).

## WORTH THE MONEY



As the old lady strolled through the park, two urchins confronted her.

"I say, lady," said the taller of the two, "my brother does fine imitashings. Give 'im a penny and he'll imitate a hen."

"Dear, dear!"

smiled the old lady. "And what will he do—will he cackle?"

"No," replied the lad, with a look of contempt, "'e won't do no cheap imitashings o' that sort. 'E'll eat a worm!" —Tit-Bits (London).

## LET JOYCE BE UNCONFINED

THE INIMITABLE Miss Peggy Joyce boasts that she can change her dress every half-hour for five days without repeating. Peggy is thinking, no doubt, of wedding gowns.

—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"The police think the contents were in code, for all it contained was praise for Mrs. Vandervoot's husband." —New York Times.

Is that nice? —New York Evening Post.

"Kisses Spread Pyorrhea." —Headline.  
Four out of five won't believe a word of that.  
—Indianapolis News.

## TAKING NO CHANCES

("Levine Crashes Again, Smashing Columbia as He Lands." —Headline.)

BRING in the children, Mary,  
And say for them a prayer;  
The danger great is, very—  
Levine is in the air.

In cellar quickly hide, dear;  
By girders it is spanned;  
And do not come outside, dear,  
Until you HEAR him land.

—H. I. Phillips, in New York Sun.

## EXCESS FOOTAGE

CONVERSATION overheard in a movie studio the day after a preview:

"What's the verdict on the picture?"

"Well, the producers don't know whether to shelve it or release it as an epic."

—Photoplay.

## OR VICE VERSA

AVIATOR WILKINS says that Spitzbergen, in future, will be the half-way house between Chicago and China. In present circumstances it is difficult for us to imagine anyone wanting to go from Chicago to China. —Buenos Aires Standard.



BOBBY (endeavoring to bury sleeping uncle):  
Uncle's so fat, this dry sand keeps rolling off.  
Let's pour some water on him first to make it stick.

—HUMORIST (LONDON).

THE MODERN rule in interior decorating seems to be, never start anything you cannot re-finish. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, WATSON?

PUZZLING epitaph from a local killing story:  
"He did not drink or smoke, and I can't understand why anyone would want to kill him."

—Chicago Evening Post.



Return of the natural history professor who has been studying frogs in the country.

—SÖNDAGNISSE-STRIX (STOCKHOLM).

## FATHER AND THE HOGS, SPANISH STYLE

A GOOD instance of the way jokes go round the world was given by an author who is learning Spanish. Those who know the Two Black Crows' records will recall this Iberian variant. Question: "Where is your honorable father?" Answer: "My honorable father is on the farm, and you will recognize him in the pigsty quite easily by his honorable caballero's hat." —London Calling.

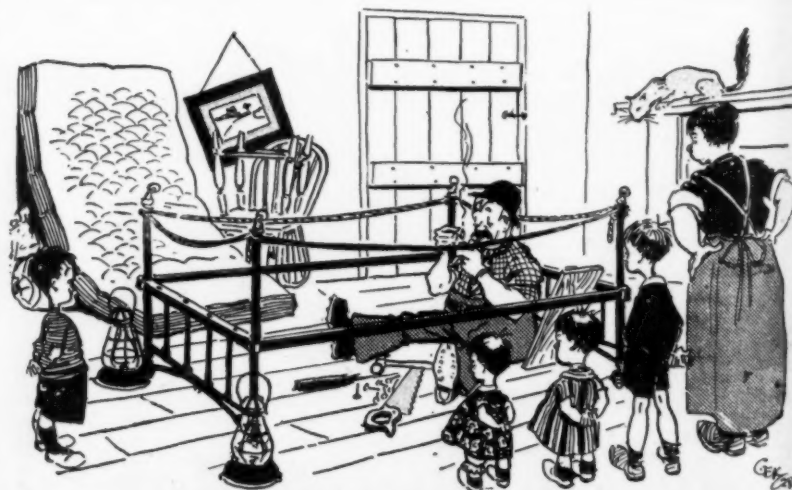
## HOPELESS

ALMOST the lowest thing in the line of compliments was a remark overheard this morning in a bus argument: "You're still wrong, again."

—Detroit News.

HEARD twenty-five years hence: "She's a fine girl and she flies beautifully."

—Florida Times-Union.



The Road Repairer Mends a Crack in the Floor.

—DUBLIN OPINION.



## THE PASSIONATE REPORTER

A PRETTY girl who had spent a week at a summer resort, on her return home received a letter from a young newspaper reporter she had met.

As is customary in newspaper copy, the reporter had used a small cross every time he needed a period.

The communication puzzled the girl very much.

"What I can't understand," she confided to her best friend, "is that while he is very formal and circumspect in the tone of his letter, he finishes every sentence with a kiss."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

## TALKING OUT OF TURN

"He was discovered trying to chat at cards and had to flee the country."—*Weekly Paper.*

THIS is not so bad as the case of the young man who spoke while the Colonel was deciding which card to play. Death was instantaneous.

—*Humorist (London).*

LADY (*engaging new maid*): How long were you in your last place?

MAID (*flustered*): My last place? I—I—I didn't go there at all.—*Dorffbarrier (Berlin).*

WHEN Mexican parents want to scare a little boy they tell him he may be president some day.—*Indianapolis News.*



## The Merest Trifle

BIG ACTOR: My dear fellow, I'd lend you the pound if I thought you'd pay it back.

LITTLE ACTOR: Pay it back! Why, man, in my new play I make five thousand pounds in the first act!

—*BULLETIN (SYDNEY).*

## STEP ON IT, DRIVER!

It happened during Lon Chaney's visit to New York. As Chaney stepped into a taxicab in front of his hotel, another taxi driver yelled to Lon's chauffeur, "Hey, that's Lon Chaney you're drivin'."

"Shut your face," shouted the irate cabman, "and stop insultin' me customers."

—*Photoplay.*

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## HELLO, SUCTOMER!

By virtue of a typographical error in the New York *Evening Post*, a new word promising to be of value is given to the language. The item referred to a number of customers in a night club, but the linotyper called them "suctomers."

—*Kansas City Star.*

## TO THE EYES

OVERHEARD at a picnic: "Why do you allow your little girl to bead her eyelashes in that disgraceful manner?" "That isn't beading. That's blueberry pie."—*Detroit News.*

"THIS," said the truthful host, as he prepared to manipulate the corkscrew, "was real liquor."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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# Teeth may be flashing white STILL . .

## Pyorrhea attacks 4 out of 5

SO long as you neglect to combat dread Pyorrhea, health is jeopardized.

This grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums robs 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it helps to keep teeth clean and restore their natural whiteness. Also it protects them against acids which cause decay.

But Forhan's is more than an ordinary dentifrice. If used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. And Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's today! Use this dentifrice every morning and night. Massage your gums daily with it, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. This good habit is health insurance. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York

# Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

# Chew DENTYNE ... and smile!



Your teeth are the sunshine of your smile—that's why they're always noticed. Be proud to show them in your smile. Keep teeth sparkling white. Dentyne is a delicious quality gum that makes smiles more attractive. It keeps teeth snowy white. Chew Dentyne . . . and smile.

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## LIFE's Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 11)

thing. The way to stop the gangs is by not ever letting a boy grow up to be a gangster.

Life doesn't offer the small urchin of the slums a very wide range of vision. He is apt to take on the color of his surroundings and to ape the heroes of his neighborhood. But no boy, in his heart, wants to be an outlaw. Offer him something better and watch him leap to grasp it.

Watch him, at the Pottersville Camp, swimming in the old brook, forgetting in the cool, clean waters all the poison of his grim environment.

Watch him making up his cot and sweeping out his sleeping tent and brushing his teeth and trying to win a prize for neatness. It gets to be a game, and a game that he carries back to the city with him. A game that goes in deeper than his skin, and that lasts.

Watch him drinking his extra rations of rich milk and proudly trying to build up his thin little body. Staunch young bodies can fight temptation better than weak ones, and you know that.

Watch him, standing like a young soldier, saluting the Stars and Stripes at "Colors," dreaming—Heaven only knows what dreams—of ultimate heroism.



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Attractive, convenient,  
reliable. Fits any car.  
Quickly attached on dash  
or above wind-shield

## \$250

So there's our Bill. Just at the age when he may go wrong. Just at the age when, with a little boost, he may turn out to be a splendid chap.

Let's stop saying something *ought* to be done. Let's *do* something. Let's make some slight sacrifice and set at least one little fellow citizen on the right road.

Twenty (\$20) dollars will send a Bill to the country for eighteen days. More will help a lot of other boys. Less will be used in gathering together the necessary fund for one small man.

Twenty dollars!

It's a sporting proposition. You may lose—but we doubt it.

You'd doubt it, too, if you could see the boys at the Camp. Eager, happy, full of promise, and loaded to the brim with new ambitions.

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(Continued on page 31)



# Get the news

Has anyone told you about it? Haven't you heard it noised abroad that smokers have a friend? A helpful friend—one that puts a new fund of pleasure in smoking. Maybe you haven't heard the news in just that way, but surely you've heard of Squibb's Dental Cream—and Squibb's is the smoker's friend.

Naturally Squibb's freshens your mouth. But it does a lot more too. It fights to keep your mouth fit and healthy long after its actual use, sweetens the breath and makes for an unvarying and pleasant smoke appetite.

Introduce yourself now to Squibb's Dental Cream. You'll find a friend who'll put an unsuspected zest in your whole smoking day. 40c at any druggist's.

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## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you mistake your  
Bank President for his own butler . . .  
be nonchalant . . . light a MURAD.



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### WASHINGTON VS. ANANIAS

THE *Saturday Review* offered a prize a few weeks ago for the best example of a brief conversation between Ananias and George Washington. The winning entry was:

GEORGE WASHINGTON: Sir, I never told a lie.

ANANIAS: Sir, I believe you.

—*Christian Register*.

### THE RAILWAY SANDWICH

IN a recent case Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, ruled that a sandwich does not constitute a meal. And very often it doesn't even constitute a sandwich.—*Punch*.

"FOR SALE—Hupmobile 1922, touring; could not run any better."—*Oakland (Cal.) Tribune*.  
Good reason for selling.—*New Yorker*.

Reddy Tees are the original and genuine. Always first in golfers' favor. Always first in sales. Sold everywhere. Red or yellow. 18 for 25c.

## THE REDDY TEE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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### HER DAYS OF REST

A SUBURBAN woman has a colored day worker whose accomplishment of washing and ironing all in one day is a constant cause of boasting to the envious neighbors. One day she commiserated her marvel on the exigencies of fortune that drove her, the mother of twelve children, out to working by the day. To her surprise, the pitied one repudiated the pity.

"Hard on me, ma'am? Not a bit of it. Why, the days I go out are the only chances at all that I gits to rest myself."—*New York Sun*.

### ONE IN A THOUSAND

"My wife doesn't loot very well," he said.  
—*Short Story*.

FORTUNATE man; our pockets are always empty.  
—*Humorist (London)*.

## Lose Fat As She Did



### Look right, feel right

Men want women to be slender. Then why not do what they do? Excess fat is a blight to all. Not to good looks only, but to health and vitality. All doctors warn against it.

Women have found an easy, pleasant way to reduce. It is efficient—you can see that. Slender figures now prevail. Excess fat has been rapidly banished in the past decade.

Science has found a common cause of excess fat in a certain gland deficiency. In a gland which largely controls nutrition. It turns food into fuel and energy when it is active. Food goes to fat when it isn't.

By thousands of experiments research men found a way to combat that deficiency. Doctors the world over employ it in obesity.

The method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, now used for 20 years. Millions of boxes have been employed in fat reduction. Users have told others, and the use has grown to very large proportions.

One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps.

The method is not secret. It is known to every modern doctor. The formula of Marmola appears in every box, also a booklet which explains results. You know what you are taking, and why.

Go try Marmola because of what it has done for so many, for so long. Nothing can hold the place which Marmola has held for 20 years without doing what you want done. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

## MARMOLA

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The Pleasant Way to Reduce

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